

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS. By Dr. Morrison, Peking Correspondent
of the London Times.

2941



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The Siege of the Legations

By DR. MORRISON

(The Peking Correspondent of The London Times)

Which is begun in this number of *THE LIVING AGE*, will be completed in four instalments; and will be followed by an article, complete in one number, in which Dr. Morrison sums up the most noteworthy official utterances in "*The Peking Gazette*" during the siege.

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Vol. CCXXVII. }

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THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

By DR. MORRISON, PEKING CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON TIMES.

Pekin, Aug. 14.

One of the ancient sages of China foretold that "China shall be destroyed by a woman." The prophecy is approaching fulfilment. When the Empress-Dowager, in September, 1898, seized once more the reins of power, who could have foreseen that she was to lead her country with such swiftness to destruction? The anti-foreign, anti-Christian movement which has now culminated in the occupation of Peking by the allied Powers and the destruction once for all of China's power as a nation, was from the outset encouraged and fostered by the Empress-Dowager and by the ignorant reactionaries whom she selected as her advisers.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BOXERS.

The foundation of the "Boxers" can be traced to one man, Yu Hsien, who, when Prefect of Tsao-chau, in the southwest corner of Shan-tung, organized a band of men as local militia or trainbands. For them he revived the ancient appellation of "I-Ho-Ch'üan," the Patriotic Harmony Fists. Armed with long swords, they were known popularly as the Ta-tao-huei, or Big Knife Society.

After the occupation of Kiaochow Bay the society grew in force, the professed objects of its members being to oppose the exactions of native Catholics and to resist further German aggression. They became anti-Christian and anti-foreign. They became a religious sect, and underwent a fantastic kind of spiritual training of weird incantations and grotesque gymnastics, which they professed to believe rendered them impervious to the sword and to the bullet of the white man. Three deities they specially selected as their own—namely, Kwanti, the God of War and patron deity of the present dynasty, Kwang Ch'eng-tze, an incarnation of Lao-tze, and the joyful Buddha of the Falstaffian Belly. They made Taoist and Buddhist temples their headquarters. Everywhere they declared that they would drive the foreigner and his devilish religion from China.

To encourage this society its founder, Yu Hsien, was in March, 1899, appointed by the Throne Governor of Shan-tung. In four years he had risen from the comparatively humble post of Prefect to that of the highest official in the province.

The "Boxers" had grown in power till they had become a menace to the main-

tenance of law and order, and were terrorizing large districts of the province. In the district where they had originated they came into collision with the authorities; they were attacked by the military commander of the district, and 91 were killed and many imprisoned. This was on October 25 of last year. But the attempt to suppress the society of which he was the founder did not meet with the approval of the Governor. The military officer was deprived of his command. The district magistrate was degraded, and "Boxers" who had been made prisoners were liberated.

Upon Yuan Shih-kai's appointment as Governor after the murder of the English missionary, Mr. Brooks, he received instructions to suppress the "Boxers," but not to employ force in doing so; he was warned that among their members were patriotic and good men, and that to punish them indiscriminately would not be in accordance with the wishes of high heaven.

EMPERESS-DOWAGER AND THE BOXERS.

From Shan-tung the "Boxers" spread into the adjoining province of Chi-li, the metropolitan province. It was from the first noticeable that all the teachers of the "Boxer" cult were Shan-tung men. "Boxers" could only have spread into the region of the capital by the sanction, if not by the encouragement of the Court. They inoculated the Empress-Dowager with a belief in their doctrine and in their supernatural power of resisting the foreigner. Never has ignorance been so disastrous.

Edicts published in the Peking Gazette recognized the association officially. Secret societies have always been forbidden by the Government as hotbeds of sedition, but this society, being anti-Christian and anti-foreign, was pampered as patriotic in its aims and loyal in its constitution. Besides, its appearance in the metropolitan province opportunely coincided with a state of

unrest that had become alarming. There was famine in the land, no rain had fallen. The winter wheat had failed, the spring wheat could not be sown, and 95 per cent. of the land was untilled. The price of grain had risen and there was widespread misery and discontent. The feeling arose that these misfortunes were attributable to the enmity of high heaven, offended by the usurpation of the Empress-Dowager and the deposition from all real power of the Son of Heaven, the rightful Emperor. At this juncture the society entered the province. Its propaganda spread like wildfire. "It is the foreigners who are eating the country. It is the foreign religion which has called down upon China the wrath of heaven. It is the cursed foreign railways and telegraphs which have diverted the good influences from on high." Resentment against the Empress-Dowager was turned into wrath against the foreigner and fury against his religion.

Thus the wily woman diverted from herself the popular clamor. She encouraged the growth of "Boxer" trainbands, seeing in them possible means of protection for her dynasty, and she fanned the wrath against the Christians by cunningly devised edicts comparing "Boxers" with Christians to the disadvantage of the latter. Grave insinuations against the Christians grew into open attacks culminating in a decree ordaining their extermination. The Imperial Court became thus the patrons of a movement which was to sweep the country clear of the foreigner and "let the seas separate us." Prince Tuan, the father of the Heir Apparent, became the chief of the "Boxers," while other prominent men known to be in their counsels were Duke Lan, his younger brother, Hsu Tung, the tutor of the Crown Prince, Kang Yi, the "Great Extortioner," and Chao Shu-chiao, the President of the Railway and Mining Bureau, a board founded to prevent rail-

ways and mines from being opened, and Li Ping Heng, the degraded Governor of Shan-tung, who had been cashiered in obedience to the demands of Germany, never to hold office again, yet had been subsequently appointed to a high post in the Yang-tze Valley, the British sphere.

When, after an absence of eight months, I returned to the capital last April, I found "Boxers" everywhere in evidence and the most serious alarm among the missionaries as to the course events were taking. Boys were being drilled by teachers from Shan-tung, and were being armed with knives and swords. Knives had already risen to double their usual value and cutlers were reaping a harvest. Anti-foreign literature was being sold in the streets, Christian servants were being warned that they were "doomed men." Yet those who were not missionaries regarded the movement with contempt. No rain had fallen, and it was believed that much of the excitement would disappear after the first shower.

In May the drought continued and the excitement grew. It was reported that 8,000,000 men were to descend from heaven and exterminate the foreigners. Then rain would come. Christians had offended the gods by worshipping the devil's religion, and Heaven's wrath had been incurred, no rain had been sent, and thousands were starving. To inflame the ignorant still more against the foreigner it was reported that foreigners were poisoning the wells. Then the crusade began in the southern part of the province against the native Christians. They, the Urmoatze or "secondary devils," were to be first attacked, and when they had been exterminated the white men were to be ended. Heart-rending stories came from the province of murders of native Christians, of the pillaging and burning of Christian property. On the 15th the Catholic Fathers and Monseigneur Favre reported that

the persecution was the most serious which had been witnessed in China since the outbreak in Szu-chuan, and that it was spreading with alarming rapidity. Refugees began pouring into Peking and the Catholics began arming. Wherever strong enough they entrenched themselves in Catholic villages and offered armed resistance to persecution. Christian families living unprotected in the country abandoned everything and fled for protection to the Catholic centre near Pao-ting-fu, or to the parent churches in Peking. The Pei-tang, the great Catholic cathedral at Peking, rapidly filled with refugees.

The Bishop urged that foreign guards should be at once brought to Peking. To bring guards to Peking, he argued, was more effective than to bombard a port. In 1898, at the time of the *coup d'état*, the effect of bringing guards was an immediate restoration of tranquillity. The present movement was a popular one, and was regarded favorably by the Government. Bring troops to Peking and the Government would at once suppress the movement in order to save the face of China, whose humiliation in having foreign guards to preserve order in the capital would be witnessed by the entire world. The "Boxers" were not so much anti-Christian as anti-foreign. Their strength was growing daily, and soon the Europeans would not be safe. It was urgently necessary to bring guards.

On May 19 two ominous incidents occurred. One of the medical teachers at the University received word excusing him from attending the medical school for 25 days. His work took him across the South City, where anti-foreign placards were numerous. The enforced leave given him was prompted by fears for his personal safety. A Chinese boy was detected dropping something into a well. Seized and interrogated, he declared that he had been hired by the foreigners to poison wells. On the same

afternoon, the 19th, two missionaries who had bravely ventured as far as Chochou and Liang Hsiang in the heart of the "Boxer" district between Peking and Pao-ting-fu, returned to the city. It was an alarming tale they had to tell. The country was alive with "Boxers." Two well-known teachers of the London Missionary Society had been seized by the mob, carried before the "Boxer" priests, and put through the mockery of a trial. Having recited the formula and burned incense, the priests pretended to become entranced and receive guidance from heaven. "Do with the 'secondary devils' as you will; no harm can come to you" was the verdict given to satisfy the mob. Refusing to abjure their faith, the teachers were hacked in pieces and thrown into the river. The magistrate could give the missionaries no protection, and he besought them not to linger in his district. Already he had lost face and influence, for, in an attempt to suppress the "Boxers" at Matou, he had gone there with some cavalry and infantry, but his own soldiers sympathized with the "Boxers" and betrayed him into their hands. He had been seized by the "Boxers" and held to ransom.

DIPLOMATIC ACTION IN PEKING.

The movement was gathering in volume, and excitement was increasing in Peking. On the 20th a meeting of the Diplomatic Body was held, when it was decided to address a joint note to the Yamèn calling upon the Government to take immediate steps for the suppression of the "Boxers," as otherwise the Ministers would be compelled to adopt measures for their own protection. Unanimity is not the predominant characteristic of the Diplomatic Body in Peking, and it is possible that the Tsung-li-Yamèn recognized this, and did not attach much weight to the communication. On a previous occasion in con-

nection with the disturbances, a joint note in the form of an ultimatum sent by the American, British, German and Japanese Ministers fizzled out like a damp squib. Italy and her ultimatum had greatly weakened the power of threats upon the Chinese. Besides, the action of the Russian Minister, who, while supporting the conjoint action of the Diplomatic Body was accustomed at such a crisis as this to send despatches direct to the Empress-Dowager through Prince Ching, was not calculated to force China into the belief that all the foreign Powers were acting in accord.

To all protests by the Ministers the Yamèn replied by ridiculing the fears of the foreigners and giving assurances. It was boys, they said, who were going through the "Boxer" drill—ignorant boys who thus found a pastime. An edict entirely unsatisfactory was issued on the 23d, exhorting the unruly to disperse quietly to their homes. It was most cunningly worded so as not to offend the "Boxers," who were secretly lauded as loyal and patriotic, and yet was so contrived as to delude the foreign Ministers into not bringing their guards to Peking. Then overwhelming evidence was produced to prove that the movement had the official cognizance and approval of the Government, for "Boxers" began drilling on the official drill grounds—in the Yamèn of the Mongolian Superintendency, in the grounds of the great barracks near Li Hung Chang's temple, in the palaces of Prince Tuan, the father of the Heir Apparent, and of Duke Lan, his brother, and finally in the Imperial palace itself, the eunuchs trained outside by the Shantung leaders being their teachers. Evidence afterwards duly confirmed, pointed to Prince Tuan's palace as the headquarters of the sect. All the retrograde Ministers who have assisted China down the path to Avernus, Hsu Tung, Kang Yi, Li Ping Heng and Chao Shu-

chiao were in direct communication with the "Boxer" leaders.

Placards were posted throughout the city headed "An admirable way of destroying foreign buildings." Refugees crowded into the Pei-tang. Services for those outside were suspended at all four Cathedrals, and women were excused from coming to the church. They had been threatened and terrorized in the street. Among the refugees were many burned and wounded, who had escaped massacre in the country.

On May 24 some hopes were given that an attempt was to be made by the Government to check the movement. A message received from the Tien-tsin Consuls on that day announced that a Colonel Yang and 70 soldiers proceeding to Pao-ting-fu to attack the "Boxers" had been caught in an ambush and had all perished. For a little time we thought that the soldiery were being employed against the murderers of Christians. Investigation, however, proved that the story which had been communicated to the foreign Consuls by the interpreter to the Viceroy, had no foundation in fact. Colonel Yang had been murdered while with a party of 70 men in the country, but there had been no conflict with the "Boxers." None of his men had been attacked, and he himself seems to have fallen a victim to an act of private revenge. Far from suppressing the "Boxers," the soldiers, especially the anti-foreign rabble of General Tung-fuh-siang, openly fraternized with the "Boxers," being addressed by them in affectionate terms as "blood brothers."

Foreigners who had friends among the Chinese received private warning to leave Peking; their lives were in danger; a massacre of the Europeans was impending. Gardeners and washermen employed by foreigners left their work and went into hiding. Teachers and servants in the employment of foreigners who were not Catholics ran away

into the country. It was becoming unsafe for the Chinese to work for the foreigner.

On the 28th of May a messenger came into Peking to announce that the Lu-han railway between Lu-ku-chiao and Pao-ting-fu had been destroyed, and that the lives of the French engineers at Chang-hsin-tien, five miles beyond Lu-ku-chiao, were imperilled. The station had been burnt, and the engineers had been besieged in their houses. Later word came that Feng-t'ai, the first station on the Peking-Tien-tsin line, had been attacked by "Boxers" and the station burned. The engine sheds were in flames and the whole countryside was in alarm. At once it was regarded as noteworthy that General Tung-fuh-siang had been received in audience by the Empress-Dowager. Word that the station was to be burnt on that day had been sent some days before to all the surrounding villages. In expectation of the burning, "Boxers," or sympathizers, had left in the morning for Feng-t'ai, announcing that they were going to witness the conflagration. The smoke could be seen from Peking and from all the temples in the western hills. No sooner had the flames started than the rain so long and ardently desired burst over the country. High heaven had signified approval of the work. So propitious a sign gave great encouragement to the "Boxers." After the Tien-tsin massacre of 1870 a similar phenomenon occurred, susceptible of the same interpretation. Fortunately an engine had been kept in waiting at Feng-t'ai, and by this the engineers and other employes, nearly all of whom were British, escaped to Tien-tsin before the attack.

But great and inevitable anxiety was felt for the safety of the French engineers at Chang-hsin-tien, 15 miles from Peking, for the country was swarming with "Boxers," with whom the soldiers were fraternizing. Their rescue on the 29th was due to the courage of M. Au-

guste Chamot, a Swiss gentleman, long resident in Peking, who, accompanied by his wife, a lady of remarkable physical courage, by a young Australian named Dupree, and four French gentlemen, rode out through a country seething with excitement, and the same evening brought safely back to Peking every member of the party, 13 men, nine women and seven children. An hour after the party escaped their houses were set fire to and looted by the very soldiers who had been sent to protect them. This prompt and daring rescue was one of the best incidents of the siege; often has the Legion of Honor been conferred for services less meritorious.

ARRIVAL OF THE LEGATION GUARDS.

Peking was becoming more excited day by day. Foreigners riding near the Yung-ting-mên were assailed with stones by Imperial soldiers "sent to protect foreigners." Foreign guards were sent for. The Chinese made a last effort to assure the foreign Ministers that they were not needed, that the excitement was abating, and that soon all would be quiet. They attempted to throw difficulties in the way of the troops coming, but finally agreed that they should come. Sir Claude Macdonald, for his part, notified the Yamên in peremptory terms that the time for patience had passed, that the foreign guards were coming, and that if any attempts were made to obstruct them they would come in tenfold greater numbers. The train service, though dislocated, continued, and in the evening of the 31st of May, too late to allow a demonstration in the streets, the Marine Guards, British, Japanese, American, French, Italian, Russian, arrived. They numbered in all some 340 men. Though the hour was late and the gates had to be kept open, they marched past respectful and gaping crowds of thousands of Chinese, past grovelling officials and battalions of soldiers—an un-

thinkable humiliation for the capital of what Lord Salisbury once ventured to characterize as a nation of 400,000,000 of brave people.

Guards were mounted at the Legations, and the streets, except for the crowds that thronged the Legation quarters to see the foreign soldiers, resumed their usual appearance.

As usual, in these conjoint international expeditions, there had been serious blunders. In the first place the British force numbered, when leaving Tien-tsin, 100 men, not one too many; but Russia was sending only 75 men. Accordingly the British Consul detained 25 of his men in order that the number of British might correspond with the number of Russians. Our power of defence in the large Legation was seriously affected by the loss of this detachment. Our authorities seemed to consider that the troops were being called to Peking for a demonstration only; accordingly they sent with them an antiquated five-barrel Nordenfeldt of 1887 pattern, which consistently jammed every fourth round.

Still worse was it with the Russians. They left their 12-pounder on the platform at Tien-tsin, but brought the 80 rounds of ammunition, and these, when the communications were subsequently cut, they sank into the bottom of the well to save them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Two days later the Austrian and German guards came to Peking, and two days after that train communication with Peking was interrupted. The immediate effect of the presence of foreign guards was an abatement of excitement in the city itself, but in the country the harrying and murder of native Christians continued. Then the "Boxers" grew bolder and attacked the Europeans. On June 2 reports reached Peking that a party of foreign engineers employed on the Lu-han railway south of Pao-ting-fu had been attacked when escaping by

the Taching river to Tien-tsin, and that of the party of 30, eight men and one woman were missing, of whom there were grave reasons to fear that five were dead. Then a day later word reached us of the brutal murder at Yung-ching, near the Peking-Tien-tsin railway, of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Norman, two missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mr. Robinson had been first killed, but Mr. Norman had succeeded in fleeing for refuge to the Yamèn of the magistrate, and by him was given up to the fury of the mob and done to death. The destruction of the railways continued, and reports of the burning of new stations came in daily.

On the 4th Sir Claude MacDonald had a meeting with the Tsung-li-Yamèn. It was a very serious meeting, for it concerned the murder of the two British missionaries. Four members were present. In the midst of the Minister's protest one member was found fast asleep. "There you have China," said the Minister. "What can you do with such a people?" And in the meantime, while the crisis was impending, the Empress-Dowager was giving a series of theatrical entertainments in the Summer Palace.

ATTITUDE OF CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

Some action was, however, taken by the Chinese Government, but its effect was to encourage the movement which it was pretending to check. Pressed by the foreign Ministers to issue a decree quelling the outbreak, the Government published an edict on June 6, which screened the "Boxers," compared them with Christians to the disparagement of Christians, and attributed the recent outbreak to lawless persons who had falsely joined the "Boxers" for their own evil ends, just as bad characters, it alleged, became Christians to defeat the ends of justice. Profound indignation was caused by the decree. Not a

single "Boxer" or "lawless person" had been arrested, though they numbered tens of thousands, but to cast ridicule on the foreigners another edict insolently announced that one man, creating a disturbance by street brawling, had been arrested and would be punished. Here are a few extracts from the decree. No reference whatever was made in it to any act of murder, nor to the systematic massacre of native Christians by the "Boxers." It said:—

"The Christians have now been propagating their religion in China for many years, and the missionaries have no other object than that of exhorting people to virtuous conduct. Heretofore the Christians have not utilized the Church as a means of causing trouble, so that the people and the Christians have lived together in amity, each following his own doctrine. Now, however, the churches and Christians have become very numerous throughout the Empire, so that discontented and reckless characters have found their way into their ranks without the missionaries being able in every case to discriminate between the good and the bad. Such bad characters have become Christians merely as an excuse to insult and oppress the rest of the population, and to tyrannize over the districts in which they dwelt, although, of course, the missionaries have in no way signified their approval of such proceedings.

"As to the 'Patriotic Harmony Society of Boxers,' they have recently been practising military drill for the preservation of their bodies and the protection of their homes, and in nowise making a disturbance or trouble. Now we have repeatedly issued edicts instructing the officials to repress firmly all disturbances without regard to people being members of the society or not, the only question being whether they are bad characters and they are to be dealt with most rigorously if they create disturbances. Converts and 'Boxers' alike

are one and all the little children of the Throne, and we regard them with an equal love which in no way discriminates between the 'Boxer' and the Christian."

Then the decree announced that Chao Shu-chiao, one of the most rabid anti-foreign Mandarins in China, had been appointed to report upon the condition of things in the "Boxer" districts. This appointment was a further exemplification of the bad faith of the Government, for he was appointed solely because he was known to be one of the chief supporters of the "Boxer" brotherhood.

Missionaries in Peking began collecting together in the larger mission compounds for common protection. Many ladies went for safety into the British Legation. Railway communication was now severed and the telegraph communication threatened. Our isolation was being completed.

In the country disaffection spread to the districts to the east of Peking, and the position of the American missionaries at Tung-chau became one of great danger. It was decided to abandon their great missionary establishments, and with the native Christians that could follow them to come into Peking. They asked for an escort, but Mr. Conger felt himself compelled to decline one, on the ground that he did not venture to send the small body of men that he could spare from the Legation through so dangerous a district. Protection must be looked for from the Chinese Government. What soldiers could not be sent to do one fearless American missionary succeeded in doing. Late in the evening of June 7 the Rev. W. S. Ament, of the Board Mission, left Peking in a cart, and with 20 other carts journeyed 14 miles to Tung-chau, through a country palpitating with excitement. It was an act of courage and devotion that seemed to us who knew the country a deed of heroism. His arrival was most opportune. He

brought safely back with him to Peking the whole missionary body then in Tung-chau—five men, including the author of "Chinese Characteristics," 11 ladies and seven children, together with their Christian servants.

Before leaving, the missionaries formally handed over their buildings, schools, colleges and chapels to the protection of the Chinese Government. Their trust was at once betrayed. Scarcely had they reached Peking before the mission property was in flames, burnt by the very soldiers sent by Government to have them in safe keeping. Every foreign building in Tung-chau was razed to the ground, and there is every reason to fear that every Christian in the neighborhood, who had failed to escape to Peking, was butchered. On arrival in Peking the missionaries, dismayed by the wreck of their years of work in China, held a conference and decided to send the following cable over the head of the Minister direct to the President at Washington:—

President McKinley, Washington, June 8th, 1900.

"Boxers" destroy chapels, massacre hundreds Christians. Threaten exterminate all foreigners. Tung-chau abandoned. Tsunhua Pao-ting-fu extreme danger. Chinese troops useless. Peking Tien-tsin daily threatened. Railways destroyed. Telegraphs cut. Chinese government paralyzed. Imperial edicts double-faced, favor "Boxers." Universal peril unless situation promptly relieved. Thirty Americans convened regard outlook practically hopeless.

It would be interesting to know if this telegram ever reached Washington.

On the 7th Lao Fa and Lang Fang, two more stations on the railway were burnt. Then word came that the foreign-drilled soldiers of General Nieh sent from Lutai to guard the railway had fired upon the "Boxers" and killed "some hundreds," and the news gave us

encouragement. Immediately after, however, the Legations learnt that General Nieh had, subsequently to the fight, wired to Yung Lu, asking if he should continue to fire upon the "Boxers," and had received the reply: "Disperse them by pacific means; don't fire." And the indication of policy thus given was confirmed immediately after by the ominous intelligence that General Nieh's troops had been recalled to Tien-tsin and Lutai as punishment for having fired upon the "loyal and patriotic brotherhood." Clearly the sympathies of the Government were with the "Boxers."

The construction of the railway from Tien-tsin to Peking had been strenuously opposed by the Chinese on the ground that it would permit the passage of foreign troops to the capital; its destruction would hardly be regarded by them as a calamity, but rather as strengthening the position in the capital.

More troops were sent for to reinforce the Legation guards in Peking, but they were sent for too late. Already many miles of the railway had been torn up, and it was hopeless to expect an early restoration of communication. The movement was spreading northwards. The railway works at Tongshan were threatened, the missionaries in Kalgan were menaced, and the Russian Greek church at Tung Ting An, 35 miles north of Peking, one of the oldest churches in the north of China, was burnt to the ground.

On June 9 one of the secretaries of the Tsung-li-Yamén, a Manchu who has been abroad and speaks French with fluency, called as an intermediary upon Sir Claude MacDonald. He is a frequent visitor at the British Legation, and has no anti-foreign prejudices. An incident occurred in connection with his visit that gave cause for thought. Sir Claude bluntly said to him that he had been informed that a massacre of the foreigners in Peking had been deter-

mined on by the present anti-foreign Government. A Chinese would have laughed away the suggestion, but the secretary changed color and, assuming a look of serious gravity, said nothing. Sir Claude was so convinced from the man's manner, that treachery was contemplated that he reported the incident to his colleagues. Then peremptory messages were sent ordering up the reinforcements. They were to leave Tien-tsin next day, come as far as possible by rail and then march overland. At an audience with the Tsung-li-Yamén later in the day, the American Minister was struck with the arrogant, almost insolent bearing of the Ministers. What matter, they said to him and to the other foreign representatives, if the railway was destroyed. "What did your Excellency do before the railway was constructed; how did you get along then?"

The Empress-Dowager and the Emperor, who had been for some time past at the Summer Palace, returned to Peking, entering the city at the same hour by different gates. Large escorts of cavalry and infantry accompanied them; Manchu banner men in large numbers were posted on the walls. It was noticeable that the body guard of the Empress was provided by the renegade Mahomedan rabble of Tung-fuh-siang, who had long been a menace to foreigners in the province. The return of the Court was expected to have a tranquillizing effect upon the populace. But this was not the case. Students were attacked when riding in the country; our race-course grand stand and stables were burnt by "Boxers" armed with knives; Europeans could not venture along the streets outside the foreign quarter without being insulted. People were saying everywhere, "The foreigners are to be ended." Streets were being patrolled by cavalry, and there was every fear that the patrols were in league with the "Boxers," who were marching through the streets bearing

banners inscribed "Fu Ching Mieh Yang." "Protect Pure (the Dynasty), exterminate the foreigner."

FOREIGN PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE.

The London Mission and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel handed over their buildings to the Chinese authorities, holding them responsible for their safe keeping, and all missionaries and their families went to the British Legation.

The American Board Mission likewise delivered over their valuable property to the Government and fell back upon the great Methodist Episcopal Mission near the Hata Mên Gate, beyond the foreign quarter. Tung-chau missionaries and their families and several hundred Christian converts were already gathered there. Steps were at once taken to fortify the compound. Under the direction of Mr. F. D. Gamewell deep trenches were cut, earthworks thrown up and barbed wire entanglements laid down. Watch was kept and sentries posted, provisions laid in and all preparations made to withstand a siege. Twenty marines and a captain from the American Legation were sent as a guard and some spare rifles were obtained from the British Legation. Converts were armed with pikes and knives, and a determined effort was to be made in case of attack. The mission was, however, absolutely at the mercy of any force holding the high city wall and Hata Mên Gate. Without the power of reply the small garrison could have been shot down from the wall, which is little more than a stone's throw from the nearest point of the compound. Shell-fire, such as was subsequently used against the Legations, would have smashed the buildings into fragments.

All the Maritime Customs staff and their families living in the East City, a mile or more beyond the foreign quarter, the professors and teachers of the Tung-

wen-Kuan, Dr. Dudgeon, Mr. Pethick, the secretary of Li Hung Chang, and others were forced to abandon their homes and come in for protection. Preparations for defence went on at all the Legations, for it was now inevitable that we should have to fight. A *conseil de guerre* was held, attended by all the military officers, and a plan of defence determined. The palace and grounds of Prince Su, opposite the British Legation, were to be held for the Christian refugees, and an area was to be defended some half a mile long by half a mile broad, bounded by the Austrian and Italian Legations to the east, the street running over the north bridge of the canal to the north, the British, Russian and American Legations to the west, while the southern boundary was to be the street running at the foot of the great City Wall from the American Legation on the west, past the German Legation on the east, to the lane running from the Wall north past the French Legation, the buildings of the Inspectorate General of Customs and the Austrian Legation. All women and children and non-combatants were to come into the British Legation. Each position was to be held as long as possible, and the final stand was to be made at the British Legation. No question of surrender could ever be entertained, for surrender meant massacre.

On the 10th it was announced that reinforcements were on the way, and that they were coming with the approval of the Viceroy and of the Chinese Government, an approval more readily accorded since it was known to the Viceroy that the troops could not come by train. More than one of the Ministers was so confident that they were coming that carts were sent to await their arrival at Machia-pu, the terminal railway station at Peking. One of the foreign Ministers, meeting me, said "Thus I have telegraphed to my Government:—Day and night for 15 days the foreign

Ministers have been armed to the teeth to protect themselves against the soldiers of the Government to which they are accredited. They are not a Government, they are brigands." His indignation was intensified when he read the disgraceful decree which was issued in the evening. In this no reference was made to the alarming condition of the city which had driven the Europeans under the protection of foreign guards; no allusion was made to the incendiarism at Tung-chau, to the murder of missionaries, to the wholesale massacre of native Christians—not at all. But a direct insult was thrown in the face of the foreign Ministers. The movement against which they had unavailingly protested was held up to ridicule by saying that another abusive coolie had been arrested for insulting conduct in the street, and then Government gave its first public official recognition of the "Boxers" by announcing that the notorious chief of the "Boxers," Prince Tuan, had been appointed President of the Tsung-li-Yamèn. Prince Ching was superseded, but was not removed from the Yamèn. One harmless old Chinese, Liao Shouhèng, was sent into retirement, while four rabidly anti-foreign Manchus entirely ignorant of all foreign affairs were appointed members. The last hope of any wisdom springing from the Yamèn disappeared with the supersession of Prince Ching by the anti-foreign barbarian who, more than any other man in China, was responsible for the outbreak.

The following morning most of the Europeans rode to Machia-pu to await the arrival of the foreign troops. They waited, but no troops came, and then rode back past the jeering faces of hordes of Chinese soldiers. Our security was not increased by this fiasco.

MURDER OF JAPANESE SECRETARY.

Soldiers sent to guard the summer residences of the British Legation in

the Western Hills left their posts during the night. The buildings had been officially placed under the protection of the Imperial Government. In the pre-arranged absence of the soldiers the buildings were attacked by "Boxers" and entirely burnt to the ground; the soldiers witnessed, if they did not assist in the burning. But worse events were to happen that day. In the afternoon news passed through Peking that Mr. Sugiyama, the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, had been murdered by soldiers. He had been sent by his Minister a second time to Machia-pu to await the arrival of the troops. Passing unarmed and alone in his cart beyond the Yung-ting Mèn, the outer gate on the way to the station, he was seized by the soldiers of Tung-fuh-siang, dragged from his cart and done to death in the presence of a crowd of Chinese, who witnessed his struggles with unpitiful interest and unconcealed satisfaction. A "mafoo" in the service of the American Legation waiting at Machia-pu in the vain hope of seeing the train arrive, was warned to quit there speedily, and was cursed for being in the service of the foreigners. He rode to the Yung-ting Mèn, where he saw the foreigner dead and mutilated, but was not permitted to enter, and, riding furiously, he came round by another gate and so breathless into the Legation. Mr. Narahara, the second secretary, at once went to the Yamèn, but no attempt was made to recover the body. The heart was cut out, and there is every reason to believe was sent as a trophy to the savage General Tung-fuh-siang himself. No attempt was ever made to recover the body, and the following morning my servant, sent by me to inquire, found his mutilated body roughly covered with earth at the place where it had been murdered. One leg was exposed, and children, to the amusement of their elders, were poking at it with sticks.

A decree published after the murder

attributed the crime to the action of desperadoes outside the city, whereas it was notorious that the murder was committed by the soldiers of Tung-fuh-siang, the favorite bodyguard of the Empress-Dowager. In another decree General Nieh was censured, apparently for his too energetic treatment of the "Boxers," but was permitted to retain his command and make amends for his misdeeds. Chao Shu-chiao, who knew well the master he was serving, published his report on the "Boxer" troubles at Cho-chau and on the railway, and with sublime effrontery attributed the disasters, not to the "Boxers," but to the foreign-drilled soldiers of General Nieh. Telegraph communication by every route had been cut. Almost the last of the servants who were not Christians had fled from their masters.

On the 12th a deputation, consisting of Chi Hsiu, a member of the Grand Council and newly appointed to the Yamèn, Hsu Ching-cheng, the ex-Minister, the "Boxer" leader Chao Shu-chiao, and another Manchu, called upon the British Minister. Chi Hsiu made a long address, his theme being the enduring nature of the friendship between China and England and the duty which China has always recognized as a sacred obligation to protect the members of the Legations who were her guests and the strangers within her walls. Chi Hsiu assured the Minister that the movement was at an end, that all was now tranquil, and that there was no more reason to fear. Yet the very next day Baron von Ketteler himself captured a "Boxer" from amid the crowd in Legation-street. He carried the consecrated headpiece, and was armed with a sword. Round his waist he had a belt containing a talisman of yellow paper smeared with mystic red symbols, by which he was rendered "impermeable to foreign bullets." And in the afternoon the "Boxers" came down in force from the

north of the city and the burning of foreign buildings began.

The cry arose that the "Boxers" were coming. Every man ran to his post, a cordon was established round the foreign quarter and no one was allowed to pass. Guards were on watch at all the Legations, but their numbers spread over so many posts were very inadequate, and they were still further reduced by the guards detached for duty at the Pei-tang Cathedral, where three miles distant within the Imperial City, were gathered in the one great compound Mgr. Favier, the Bishop, his coadjutor, Mgr. Jarlin, the missionaries and lay brothers, the sisters of charity, and a vast concourse of Christian refugees, estimated at 2,000, who had fled from the massacre in the country.

A guard of five Austrians was sent to the Belgian Legation. The Austrians, with their machine gun, commanded the Customs-street leading to the north; the Italians, with a one-pounder, commanded the Legation-street to the east. The British with their Nordenfeldt swept the Canal-street to the north and the North-bridge, the Russians were on the South-bridge, while the Americans with their Colt machine gun had command of Legation-street to the west as far as the court facing the Imperial Palace. The Russians, having no gun, dropped their heavy ammunition down the well.

THE MASSACRE OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

As darkness came on the most awful cries were heard in the city, most demoniacal and unforgettable, the cries of the "Boxers," "Sha kweitze"—"Kill the devils"—mingled with the shrieks of the victims and the groans of the dying. For "Boxers" were sweeping through the city massacring the native Christians and burning them alive in their homes. The first building to be burned was the chapel of the Methodist Mission in the Hata Men-street. Then

flames sprang up in many quarters of the city. Amid the most deafening uproar the Tung-tang, or East Cathedral, shot flames into the sky. The old Greek Church in the northeast of the city, the London Mission buildings, the handsome pile of the American Board Mission, and the entire foreign buildings belonging to the Imperial Maritime Customs in the East City burned throughout the night. It was an appalling sight.

Late in the night a large party of "Boxers," bearing torches, were seen moving down Customs-street towards the Austrian Legation. The machine gun mounted was in waiting for them. They were allowed to come within 150 yards in the open street near the great cross road, and then the order was given and the gun rained forth death. It was a grateful sound. The torches disappeared. They had come within a restricted space, and none, we thought, could have escaped. Eagerly we went forth to count the dead, expecting to find them in heaps. But there was not one dead. The gun had been aimed very wide of the mark. Two hundred yards north of the "Boxers" there is a place where, 30 feet above the level road, the telegraph wires crossed to the station. Next morning they were found to have been cut by the Austrian fire. The only persons who suffered injury were possible wayfarers two miles up the street. There can be little doubt that this fiasco helped to confirm the "Boxers" in a belief in their invulnerability.

The Tung-tang, or East Cathedral, having been burned, it was clear that the Nan-tang, the South Cathedral was in danger. Père Garrigues, the aged priest of the Tung-tang, had refused to leave his post and had perished in the flames. But the fathers and sisters at the Nan-tang might yet be saved. Their lives were in great peril; it was necessary to act quickly. A party of French

gentlemen, led by M. Fliche of the French Legation, and accompanied by M. and Mme. Chamot, rode out at night and early the following morning safely escorted to the hotel every member of the mission—Père d'Addosio and his two colleagues, a French brother, five sisters of charity, and some twenty native nuns of the Order of Josephine. They were rescued just in time. Scarcely had they reached a place of safety when the splendid edifice they had forsaken was in flames. To the sky wreathed the smoke, a pillar of cloud marking the destruction, not of a faith, but of a nation. This historic pile of great historical interest, the home of Verbiest and Schaal, with its memorial tablet given to the cathedral by the Emperor Kang Hsi, was ruthlessly sacrificed. It continued burning all day, the region round it, the chief Catholic centre of Peking, being also burnt. Acres of houses were destroyed and Christians in thousands put to the sword.

Watch was still kept. Streets within the area to be defended were kept clear. Barricades were thrown up and every preparation begun for the defence which seemed inevitable, though there was still hope that reinforcements would arrive before it was too late. Postal couriers were prevented from passing through the enemy's lines, and only the scantiest information reached us from outside. During the evening "Boxers" were killed on the North-bridge endeavoring to rush the British sentries.

On the 15th rescue parties were sent out by the American and Russian Legations in the morning, and by the British and German Legations in the afternoon, to save, if possible, native Christians from the burning ruins around the Nan-tang. Awful sights were witnessed. Women and children were hacked to pieces, men trussed like fowls, with noses and ears cut off and eyes gouged out. Chinese Christians accompanied the reliefs and ran about in the laby-

rinth of network of streets that formed the quarter, calling upon the Christians to come out from their hiding-places. All through the night the massacre had continued, and "Boxers" were even now shot red-handed at their bloody work. But their work was still incomplete, and many hundreds of women and children had escaped. They came out of their hiding-places, crossing themselves and pleading for mercy. It was a most pitiful sight. Thousands of soldiers on the wall witnessed the rescue; they had with callous hearts witnessed the massacre without ever raising a hand to save. During the awful nights of the 13th and 14th, Duke Lan, the brother of Prince Tuan, and Chao Shu-chiao, of the Tsung-li-Yamên, had followed round in their carts to gloat over the spectacle. Yet the Chinese Government were afterwards to describe this massacre, done under official supervision, under the very walls of the Imperial Palace, as the handiwork of local banditti.

More than 1,200 of the poor refugees were escorted by the "foreign devils" to a place of safety. Many were wounded, many were burnt beyond recognition. All had suffered the loss of everything they possessed in the world. They were given quarters in the palace grounds of Prince Su, opposite the British Legation. Among them was the aged mother and the nephew of Ching Chang, recently Minister to France, and now Chinese Commissioner to the Paris exhibition. The nephew was cruelly burnt; nearly every other member of the family was murdered. A Catholic family of much distinction—a family Catholic for seven generations—was thus almost exterminated and its property laid in ashes.

It was announced this day that only "Boxers" might enter the Imperial City. The Government was rushing headlong to its ruin.

On June 16th a party of 20 British,

ten Americans and five Japanese, with some Volunteers, and accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Shiba, the Japanese military attaché, patrolled the East City, visiting the ruins in the hope that some Christians might yet be in hiding. But to our calls everywhere no reply was given. Refugees, however, from the East City had managed to escape miraculously, and find their way, many of them wounded, to the foreign Legations, seeking that protection and humanity that was denied them by their own people. As the patrol was passing a Taoist temple on the way, a noted "Boxer" meeting-place, cries were heard within. The temple was forcibly entered. Native Christians were found there, their hands tied behind their backs, awaiting execution and torture. Some had already been put to death, and their bodies were still warm and bleeding. All were shockingly mutilated. Their fiendish murderers were at their incantations, burning incense before their gods, offering Christians in sacrifice to their angered deities. They shut themselves within the temple, but their defence availed them nothing. Every one of them, 46 in all, was in "Boxer" uniform armed with sword and lance. Retribution was swift; every man was shot to death without mercy.

In the afternoon a fire broke out in the foreign drug store in the native city outside the great gate of the Chien Mén. It was the work of "Boxers," done while the soldiers were looking on. In order to burn the foreign drug store and do the foreigners a few pounds worth of damage, they did not hesitate to jeopardize by fire property worth millions of pounds, and that is what happened. Adjoining buildings took fire, the flames spread to the booksellers' street, and the most interesting street in China, filled with priceless scrolls, manuscripts and printed books, was gutted from end to end. Fire licked up house after

house, and soon the conflagration was the most disastrous ever known in China, reducing to ashes the richest part of Peking, the pearl and jewel shops, the silk and fur, the satin and embroidery stores, the great curio shops, the gold and silver shops, the melting houses, and nearly all that was of the highest value in the metropolis. Irreparable was the damage done. From the street below the fire spread to the central outer Chien Mên gate, which directly faces the Imperial Palace, and which is only thrown open for the passage of the Emperor. An im-

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posing temple crowns this wall; it was engulfed in the conflagration. The great tiled roof with its upturned gables fell with a crash of falling worlds, while great volumes of smoke spread like a pall over the Imperial Palace, foreboding the doom of the Imperial house. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

While the fire was in progress another broke out in the houses at the end of Legation-street, and the triumphal archway was consumed. Fear of fire was to be added to other dangers assailing us.

(To be continued.)

THE CORSICAN AT HOME.

France must really take heed. Corsica is reproaching her with its own backwardness in comparison with the progress made in recent years by (of all islands) Sardinia. It points to the new railways in the neighboring island and asks, with that saturnine smile which so well suits its black velveteen coats and sombre history: "When is the line from Bastia to Bonifacio to be completed?" It asks with impatience that is equally justifiable: "Why is the fever on our east coast and elsewhere not taken in hand and checked?" True, a good many eucalyptus trees have been planted down by Aleria and La Senezara; but the Sarde eucalyptus trees, Oristano way, are finer than these. And then the bandits! There may be some dispute as to which island can claim the larger number of outlaws, but there can be no manner of doubt to which nation belongs the credit of such stern measures and stern executioners of its measures as must in the end lead to the extermination of these pestilent nuisances within its borders. France has for dec-

ades trifled with the bandits of Corsica. She seems to regard them as a precious national possession, almost an attraction for tourists; and at the worst as worthy, high-tempered young fellows, misled by circumstances rather than their inherited murderous instincts. Italy, on the other hand, has been very active lately with these miscreants in Sardinia, where they have been killed and captured by the dozen. The parallel might be continued, but this may suffice. Things must be bad in Corsica for the Corsican to see aught of good in the Italian and his deeds; very bad, indeed, when, with the hated memory of Genoa still ardent within him, he almost sighs to be governed by Italy rather than by France.

There is much in Corsica that compels one to think of Ireland. Both countries are saturated with discontent, and yet are too weak (or one fancies so) to be allowed to govern themselves and remedy what they conceive to be the wrongs put upon them by the nation with which they are incorporated. It

were unkind in these milder days, and merely for the sake of the comparison, to gloat over Ireland's late sharp fits of lawlessness; but they clamor to be remembered, lest Corsica in its pride demand: "Who can shoot so straight as we can and with so reckless a contempt for consequences?" Both countries are poor and beautiful, with a people hot-tempered, negligent about the details of domestic life, brave, yet proud to use the most dishonorable means to avenge wounds done to what they call their honor, earnestly devoted to pig-keeping, and singers of dismal songs, especially over their dead. The Corsican who leaves Corsica and puts his shoulder to the wheel on behalf of France has more than an average chance of success. The Irishman out of Ireland, when he does not hive with his own kith and kin in the kennels of strange towns, achieves great things. Corsica was the native place of Napoleon; Ireland claims for its own the soldier who overthrew Napoleon for good and all at Waterloo. When she is short of a subject, France is so amiable as to charge us every now and again with brutality and impotence in Ireland. It were a waste of serious words to tell France that Corsica's condition is a disgrace to so goodly a nation; her own publicists, as well as all intelligent Corsicans, save us that trouble.

But candidly, after a few weeks among the balmy mountains and malodorous maritime plains of Corsica, one begins to sympathize a little with France in this matter, even as the impartial Frenchman might, after a survey of Ireland, revise his stereotyped notions about us and the Emerald Isle. Racial characteristics die hard, especially when the salt sea quarantines them. A quarter of a million people, bound together by an intense patriotism, which constrains them to resist to the death such influences as must sooner or later denationalize them, make a

tough mouthful even for a great Power to digest when their home is a land like Corsica. Force in support of such influences is only an irritant; mere persuasion is as futile as the coaxing of farmyard ducks by a maid with the knife in her hand. The reformation by functionaries has been tried, decade after decade, with unvarying result. Officials with a stiff backbone have struggled fiercely against the tides of prejudice and persistent mockery of the law; and they have either died struggling or gone away hysterical and humbled by their failure. Officials with no other aspiration than to do just so much of their duty as may be done without an effort have found their vocation easy, for Corsica loves such men and will meet them more than half way. Such men soon get into the habit of shrugging their shoulders at difficulties, smiling, spreading their palms; "C'est la Corse!" they murmur and pass to the next schedule, which may not be so tiresome. Corsica just absorbs these functionaries. Whether as interpreters or executors of the law, they become as lawless as the land itself. They either die in harness, loudly lamented by the people, or they retire disgraced. And Corsica remains the Corsica of old.

By hook or by crook, this amazing island seems determined that no alien power dominant in it shall enjoy peaceful days. One can hardly believe that there is an ineradicable layer of immorality in the Corsican character which compels it towards what law-respecting persons call crime; but history and facts really may excuse the inference. No people in Europe defy the decalogue so punctiliously. The fifth commandment is the only one for which they seem to have any sincere regard; they break the eighth unhesitatingly, that they may not fall in honoring their fathers and mothers and cousins to the sixth degree. Perhaps a third of Corsica's assassinations are inspired by

wrongs done to women; this is a sad truth which may well incite Ireland to protest against being compared with Corsica. These wreckers of primitive vengeance, moreover, seem hideously fond of keeping the seventh day holy by shooting their victims on it. The wrong-doer is caught on his way to or from mass, often at the very door of the church. Two or three words are followed by a gun-shot—a portentous sound that sends the cry *Dio mio!* to many lips; there is a dead man; and one more bandit runs like a deer into the neighboring forest of huge chestnut trees and thence scrambles towards the higher thickets where he may be overlooked by nothing except granite pinnacles and the blue sky. He may starve or not; and of course from that day forward he is in danger of his life from the gun-barrels of the police and of the relatives of his victim; but he is a satisfied man on one count.

It will be demurred by the incredulous that at least the Corsican is honest; his land cannot breed company-promoters, and his very vices seem of the kind that proceed from a coarse yet solid principle of integrity. Well, this may be said to his favor; he does not condescend to pick the pockets of the stranger. But he is magnificent in his evasion of such dues and taxes as France claims from him, and in his corruption or harrying of those who are privileged to govern him in the name of France. In her desire to be accommodating to this high-spirited people, France, from the beginning of her rule, decided to leave the Communes their old powers of district-government. The Communes retain these powers; they checkmate the officials of the state with superb audacity and cunning, and will continue to do so until France can bear it no longer and cancels this immemorial privilege. Then there will be one more war of independence, and it will take France all her time to retain the island

without incurring the indignation of Europe. The Corsican does not understand the word *honesty* like the more civilized North. He lives always in a state of warfare against authority and its mandates, more or less veiled and more or less active.

The Corsican is religious, but he does not serve God and his priests with such pathetic self-surrender as the Catholic Irishman; his duty to himself and his family seems to come first in his code of responsibilities. Those large roadside crosses just outside the mountain-villages, with their decorations of ladder, hammer, nails and the other emblems of the Crucifixion, do not bring him to his knees. He does not even salute them as a matter of course. He is infinitely more moved by a smaller wayside cross a mile or two distant from the village, with his own surname and some chiselled tears on it. This stone makes a personal appeal to him; a relative was shot here, and the deed is not yet sufficiently avenged. If he is rich enough he buries his dead in a stately little temple on his own land, and it will be odd if in a mausoleum of this kind, with ten or a dozen dead in it, there be not at least one whose memory also cries out for more atoning blood. Nor is the demand unacknowledged; sooner or later the words *It is done* are whispered in this family tomb. The Corsican may almost be said to bracket the worship of his ancestors with his worship of the God and saints of the Catholic Church. His father's ways are his ways, even to the cut and substance of his coat; his father's foes are his foes until the last of them has gone under the sod. France, and even his own priests, may command or entreat, but he will by no means alter his ways to please them. He is willing enough to play the soldier for France, if he be not detained at home by pressing musketry-practice; but on all other points he pleases himself unprovisionally. A

mulish, difficult fellow, old-fashioned to the soles of his feet, eager only to possess the latest kind of gun, his hatreds are as dear to him as his children. Never was he better limned than in those grim words of the famous diplomatist, Pozzo di Borgo, after the banishment to St. Helena of his inveterate enemy and rival, another Corsican: "I have not killed Napoleon, but I have cast the last spadeful of earth upon him." It is given to few Corsicans to taste a revenge sweeter even than that of the death of their enemies.

The typical Corsican's pride is colossal, and by no means wholly a defect in him. France could do much with the island if she had the tact to turn this attribute in its people to account. Instead of doing so, she bruises it more and more by her neglect. The journalists of Paris write of the Corsicans as *savages*; that also is bad policy, even though there be truth in the libel. These same savages are among the most capable of France's soldiers; and, moreover, caught young, they get imbued with the Gallic love of gaiety and are amenable to discipline. But when they have served their time they return to Corsica and become Corsicans again. They do not reverence their priests quite so much as their home-keeping brethren. They may even dare to set up as atheists, like a certain retired Turco in whose inn at Zicavo I spent three bright days. This man had buried his parents and two or three children in a chestnut wood, a few square yards of which he had bought as a private cemetery. I stumbled over the little uninscribed wooden crosses among the bracken and asked for an explanation of them. "They are my family," said he, calmly; "they are dead and done with." He admitted that there were few men in the village of his cold way of thinking, for which reason he kept himself to himself, save when he took absinthe with a friend. His li-

brary consisted of Rabelais and the "Code Napoleon." He rejoiced in his native mountains and his native air, saying it was good to be among them after the suffocating cities of the Continent, and was perfectly content to sit by the half-hour watching the clouds billow up and down the pine-clad steeps. He was also tolerant of his wife's submission to the Church. "Religion is good for women," he said, when he had explained, on my first evening in his house, that it was his spouse, not he, who had hung the consecrated candle above my bed.

This pride of the Corsican in his country is convenient for the traveller, as well as a pardonable trait in itself. "Why," I have been asked more than once, as I stood in the parlor of some country inn with its spacious lounge and rather crude old prints of Napoleon, Abbatucci or Paoli, "why did you not telegraph from the last village to say that you were coming. Then you should have had a breakfast worthy of you. As it is, there is no time to send boys into the mountains to pick strawberries and catch trout." The bagman who jogs from hamlet to hamlet in a chaise, selling Singer's sewing-machines or collecting the weekly payments due upon them, does this sort of thing. The hospitable Boniface justly considers it vexatious, at least, that the Anglo-Saxon traveller, with a brain to register his impressions, should fare worse than the French *commis-voyageur* who grumbles his way through this land of barbarians (as he calls it), and feels happy again only when he is on the quay at Marseilles.

This same pride dignifies the people in all the grades of society. Do a Corsican a service and he is your friend; not only this, but he will straightway cast about in his mind for a way of showing you how much he appreciates the homage you have paid to his individuality. Nor will he do this in a mo-

rose manner, like a person who cannot bear to feel that he is in debt for a benefit received, but with a glow in his eyes which tells of the sterling stuff in his soul.

At Roccapina, one day, by the door of a road-mender's house, I chanced upon a cart piled with domestic gear—beds, pots and pans, chairs, poultry with tied legs, the family goat and children. They sell wine and bread and cheese at these shelters in the wilds; hence my halt, as well as that of the cart. In descending from among the poultry for refreshment one of the children slipped and fell. Being near, I picked her up, assured her that she was not hurt and patted her cheeks. Inside the house I consoled her further with sweet biscuits from my own store and an orange. Her mother thanked me with words and looks, and thanked me again as she repacked the cart and whipped up the mule. Her husband was on ahead with the pigs, lucky to find them in an impatient humor. Half an hour later, I was still resting in the house, which was cool and interesting for its inmates, when a radiant man with a gun on his shoulder rushed in, perspiring. He smiled with singular sweetness, said something rapidly to the women of the house in dialect, and then asked if I would be pleased to drink with him. It was the grateful father of the migrating family; even his domestic cares, and the pigs, had not kept him from hurrying back under the noontide sun in response to a noble if trivial impulse. I should have liked that man's gun on my side in an hour of need that day. "Oh," said, with a bright laugh, one of the women of the house afterwards, when I expressed my regret that so much should have been done in acknowledgment of so little, "that is how we are made, we Corsicans! We have great hearts."

The man who guided me up L'Incudine also astonished me. To the eye,

and according to repute, he was a dis-solute old fellow, who had long ago bid farewell to his better consciousness. He could not disguise the fact that he had a very bad temper; he drank much more than his share of the wine; such shepherd-maids as we met in the beech-woods he passed without a word, and the way he cursed the faithful dog which climbed the mountain with us from sheer love of him was a final certificate of depravity. He seemed to have no redeeming features, except the muscles of his legs, which, for a sexagenarian, were extraordinarily lissome. Yet in the evening, when I gave him a franc or two more than his due, he would not take them without persuasion. He said he had done nothing for the extra money; and he laughed to scorn the suggestion that he had had a long and arduous day, and that, being sixty-six and in receipt of no regular income, he was in a sense entitled to the surplus. However, he was coaxed by the others to pocket his pride and the francs, and he gave me his hand to shake as if he excused the liberty I had taken with him. Just about bedtime he did more; he returned to the hotel and in a very earnest manner begged me to drink absinthe with him. As he made such a point of it, I obliged him, though much against my inclination. This time he shook my hand cordially and withdrew, looking blissfully content.

Susceptible natures and great hearts are characteristics which fit into each other. The possession of them atones for several other qualities which do not look well in the Corsican, qualities nevertheless which may almost be said to be the inseparable parasites of many sensitive and generous dispositions. Suspiciousness is one of these qualities.

Now this is quite what one would expect in a people brought up on Corsica's traditions and governed so casually. The Corsican has been tormented and slighted so much by the centuries that

his nose has by this time acquired a truly remarkable ability for scenting a grievance, real or imaginary. He is an unbroken thoroughbred, who shows his blood by his capers; but political and other bonds have taught him that he must for all sakes restrain himself in the presence of strangers. Thence come his taciturnity and his morose aspect on the beginning of an acquaintance-ship. The stranger who goes into a village *café* in the mountains on a Sunday afternoon (the best time to see a Corsican at his ease) will find the younger men playing cards and billiards, with a certain amount of merry noise. But their elders sit and smoke stolidly; nor will they have aught to say to the stranger until the ice has been well broken. They prefer to fix him with those piercing dark eyes of theirs, and shuffle among the conjectures which they are at liberty to form about him. And they are far from expansive with him, even when they seem convinced that he is not a French official with some sinister or vexatious design on the district. The man here who explained his omission to put his fingers into the consecrated water at the church door by saying that he did not like to risk hurting the sensibilities of the foreigner, his companion, who might be a Protestant and therefore in dissymmetry with such a practice, may have been a trifle over-scrupulous; but the incident was a valuable one. The Corsican's nature is hedged about with dangerous disabilities. Only in his little sons and daughters does one see plainly what a winsome as well as a wild personality underlies his oppressive exterior, made still more oppressive by the national dark velveteen. Nowhere are children more lovely or more childlike.

I have had occasion to mention absinthe in Corsica. This notorious spirit has come largely into the island with the other blessings of French rule. Paul

Bourde, in his instructive study of Corsica, has a note about the quantity of cheap alcohol which enters the island from Germany; but there is less of that now, I think, and more absinthe, and heaven and the medical men alone can guess the effect of such a blasting fluid upon a temperament like the Corsican's. It is a sad fact that red noses are common in the island; nor can one conscientiously attribute the furtive, hang-dog air of certain of the men one meets merely to their liabilities to the law in the matter of *vendetta*; it may easily be nothing in the world but absinthe working upon a resentful and rather empty stomach and a mind which, in this mal-administered land, has open to it few attainable ambitions of a satisfying nature. One is loth to say that the Corsican people, as a whole, are in a position like that of the dwindling Redskins of the United States; yet the suggestion has cropped up more than once when I have been face to face with them and their deep-set melancholy. "La France, c'est une mauvaise nation!" said wearily to me one fine fellow, as he leaned on his gun and let his eyes lounge over the square miles of fever-haunted landscape, towards the Etang d'Urbino. Even so might Long Fingers or Green Eyes, the great-grandsons of a Sioux chief, brood and pass judgment on his white neighbors who form an impassable fence between him and the slim remnant of his inherited yearnings.

From various sources one comes to the lamentable conclusion that even the apparent diminution of the bandits of Corsica is not so much due to the increased efficiency of the police and the spread of modern ideas and true Christianity, as to the weakened character of the outlaws themselves. Anciently they shot their men and took to the hills as cheerfully as you or I may be supposed to go for a holiday when we have paid to the uttermost farthing a debt of long standing. Here they lived

a healthy if rough life in the open. A diet of game, trout, mutton and wild fruits in their season could be relied upon; and milk was the felon's drink when he cared not for the pure water and wine of the district. But now, when the children of the shepherds (who are still, for tradition's and prudence's sake, his allies), may be seduced to school, where they have at least the chance of learning what it means to run counter to the prohibition *Thou shalt not kill*, now, I say, the devoted outlaw at large feels fearfully insecure. There is always a reward for his capture, and though the shepherd's little girl rides down to the village-school sitting straddle-wise like a man, this does not prove that her infant mind will be as proof as a man's against the wily words and coppers of the local police. The poor outlaw must brace himself in all ways possible; nor is the cold of winter his worst torment. He has done his duty by his family, and it is a disappointment that he is not more comfortable both in body and mind. His circumstances, in short, make him ripe for absinthe; and as likely as not from his introduction to it until he is seized or slain, more or less besotted by it, he finds in it his most genial distraction. The words *victime du devoir* may be read on more than one wayside cross in Corsica, marking where the gendarmes also did their duty. In all seriousness it may be suggested that perhaps by and by France may be able to write the words *killed by absinthe* on the tombstone of the last of Corsica's bandits. But it is deplorable physic even for such a disease.

Meanwhile it is something for France and old age in combination to have triumphed over the lawless spirit in the surviving partner of that long-famous firm, Bonelli Frères. Antonio and Jacques Bonelli, for some two-score years, from their caves on Mont D'Oro mocked the authorities and terrorized

the village of Bocognano. They killed and raided their enemies, carried off maidens, annexed lands, which they gave to their kindred, and ruled as suzerains. The police were fought and beaten by them again and again in pitched battles, shot "with guns given them by English lords." These fine rascals came of a rough stock, for of their father it is said that he had three sisters for his mistresses, and he peopled Bocognano with his children. But their father's notoriety was as nothing to theirs. The tradesmen of Ajaccio have done pretty well by the sale to strangers of photographs, more or less genuine, of these brothers Bonelli, who in their day were at any time open to negotiations which might bring them profit without endangering their lives and liberty.

This is history. But now the one Bonelli is dead, and the other has made his peace with France, and shows his white beard at the door of a house in the main street of Bocognano as unrestrainedly as any one else. When I was in the village the other day, I was to have been introduced to this bandit in smug retirement; but he happened to be away in Ajaccio, where one of his sons had recently taken his bachelor's degree at college. I asked if it were possible that Bonelli might be elected mayor of Bocognano by and by. The answer—"Perhaps, who knows?"—was not so derisive as you would expect. Indeed it is far from improbable that the old rogue would make as good a mayor as the majority in Corsica. He has long been a power in the place, which of course teems with his relatives; and as a reformed sinner he might be a supreme influence for good in the midst of the crimes, great and small, which breed so congenially here as elsewhere in Corsica. But it is to be feared that Bonelli is a philosopher, as well as a free man and a capitalist.

Enough, however, of the bandits of

Corsica. The subject is an absorbing and an endless one; nor is it fair to France to keep this old sore so long under the microscope for her own humiliation.

Corsica is still, as a hundred years ago, in the hands of the Republic to be made or kept marred. Throughout the past century, France has not had a spare decade of internal peace and political prosperity to devote to the island's problems. Napoleon the Third, no doubt, meant to do something, but the statues of the five Bonapartes on the sea-shore in Ajaccio (gazing towards St. Helena) are the only relics here of that disinterested monarch's humanitarian endeavors. Corsica continues to be shelved as a bad job, requiring more time for its consideration than any short-lived government can give to it.

Yet surely the enterprise of purging the island of its iniquities ought not to be such a desperate one. To begin with, let native functionaries of unquestioned probity take the place of French functionaries, who cannot fathom the Corsican character. Such an appeal to the people's pride will not be without effect. The medicine of industrialism next suggests itself. But in fact there is not much scope for smoky chimneys and factories here; the minerals of the island are of little account. The traveler may rejoice that it is so; it is a pity, nevertheless, for local civilization's sake. But there is no lack of land of the richest kind to do the work of pit-banks and clanking machinery in this great task of regeneration. Hundreds of square miles of it on the coast would grow anything, and if only the river mouths were kept sweet and channelled,

tens of thousands of men, women and children might flourish here in the midst of orchards and gardens, vineyards and cornfields. As things are, about a fifth of the population live the life of nomads. They fly, bag and baggage, to the mountains when the summer heat begins. Of course such enforced *villegiatura* is not altogether a hardship in itself, for the mountain air is very good; but there is no sufficient reason why the emigrants should be compelled to choose between a fever or a change of air. The foul, treeless flats on the east and southwest coasts, which are so infernal under August skies, would, if transformed, alone enable Corsica to pay its way with the State. A few score more miles of railway and a daily steamboat connection with the Continent are other obvious prescriptions for this very sick island. Nor ought France to be frightened by the objections that these extra expenses would have to come out of her pocket. She scorns to consider herself a shop-keeping nation which must see a certain percentage of profit in francs on her investments; her reward in other ways would, moreover, be certain if tardy.

Let Corsica be treated practically and with sympathy and there will be no need to try the heroic measure of occupying the island with a whole army of soldiers to root out its bandits for good and all. Satan has had a long innings among Corsica's idle hands. France may even yet get the better of Satan in this glorious part of herself which walls unceasingly against the curse of circumstances. The island ought to be one of Europe's most popular playgrounds instead of a mere menagerie.

Charles Edvardes.

THE TREASURE: A HOME TALE.*

BY HEINRICH SEIDEL.

IX.

THE DISCOVERY.

Wigand took his vehicle to bring Radloff from the station, which was situated at the extremity of the village. But the friend preferred to walk, that he might take a better look at things. The broad village street with its mighty oaks, its straw-thatched peasant cottages after the fashion of Lower Saxony and its luxuriant orchards delighted him, and once in the Richnow valley they both stood a long time on the bridge, regarding the valley and the banks.

"What a shame," said Radloff, "that you yourself have had a hand in destroying the charm of this landscape! How idyllic it must all have seemed before this hum-drum railway bed was built, and before this snorting, bellowing, rattling fiend began to tear by a couple of times a day. For me the place has lost at least half its beauty."

Wigand laughed: "One gets used to it, especially when the wagon loads of grain don't have to travel fifteen miles across country, as they did in old times, but can discharge their freight right on the spot. Surely that is worth while."

"It is the story of the poet and the sum in figures over again," sighed Radloff.

"I can imagine a period," said Wigand, "when there will be yet other methods of transporting freight, which will tear through the country at a higher speed and with more disturbance in the way of noise than the present.

Don't you think there will be people then who will dwell as fondly on the poetic, long silenced whistle of the locomotive as our moonshine sentimentalists do now on the posthorn? Reflect an instant on the children. What do they best like to play at? Railroading. Indoors they make trains out of chairs, and in the street they run round puffing, whistle and brake up and ring the bell, slow up and call out: Richenberg! All out! A different race is coming forward to-day. For my own part I find the railway really poetical. It always excites me when I happen to be in my wood near by and an express train goes past. You hear its dull rumble in the distance, the sound rapidly approaches and takes on a deafening clangor. In an instant the snorting monster is upon you, the ground trembles, and the next moment it tears and thunders by, a whirling cloud of dust and leaves in its trail. Quickly as it flashed upon you does the tail end of the last carriage disappear in the distance, soon a gentle rumble dies away, and solitude is once more around with the song of birds and the rustling of leaves and butterflies sunning themselves on the embankment. The whole thing possesses and impresses me."

"Aye, aye," said Radloff somewhat astonished, "there is something of the poet about you after all."

It was growing towards dusk when the friends came up with the familiar partridge wall.

"Ye Muses and Graces," cried Radloff, "what is that? What a crazy dream! And brand new! This monstrosity cannot be more than twenty years old."

* Translated for *The Living Age* by Hasket Derby. Copyright by *The Living Age* Co.

Wigand relieved his anxiety in regard to the construction and then said: "When we read what you said in your letter about the rooms all furnished in one tint, we could not help laughing, for as far as this matter is concerned I fear you have come to a place where your æsthetic feelings will have to dance over broken glass barefooted. For the old Herr von Rephun carried this principle out in regard to every chamber he inhabited. We have not only a blue, red and green room, but also a yellow, a rose, a violet and a brown, and everywhere the inevitable partridge is to be found."

"Goodness!" said Radloff.

"But one thing I must say to you," continued Wigand. "My wife sets great store by her deceased father, who, albeit an out and out eccentric, was always kind and affectionate towards her. Now I know you and your extremely sensitive artistic nature. Therefore I beg of you not to criticise the old gentleman in her presence."

"Silent suffering, suffering silence, shall be my motto!" said Radloff, cheerfully.

The evening meal was set out in the blue room next the garden. Radloff behaved beautifully. He was excessively polite to Frau Hildegard, whose beaming yet gentle loveliness compelled his admiration; secretly noted, without the slightest change of countenance, the snow white china decorated with the stiff and carefully painted partridges, and made no remark on the cold and cerulean blue that pervaded the room, nor yet on the unmitigated want of taste that characterized his surroundings. Soon after supper Hildegard withdrew, that she might leave the two old friends undisturbed who had already begun to interchange reminiscences. Wigand brought out a fresh bottle. "A few good wines are still left over in my cellar from the old days," he said, "fit for good friends to

drink. What say you to Chateau d'Yquem?"

"A most judicious wine," replied Radloff. "A beneficent aristocrat of the good old times; I enjoy his communion. With him one finds oneself in the best of society. In him are bottled up the choicest qualities of the Gallic nation."

Wigand decanted the golden liquid and his friend held his glass up to the light. Then he drank, gave a nod of satisfaction and said: "Je suis heureux!" as was said by the Shah of Persia, whenever anything that particularly pleased him occurred during his European journey. But pardon me, my dear friend, if I introduce a remark that has a psychological bearing, and rest assured that I am prompted by friendship alone. You are not happy. You appear to me to have a load on your mind, your merriment is forced, in the depths of your soul there dwell monsters of the deep, as in the mysterious lake, the surface of which shows nought but sunlit ripples. You have always been such a good fellow, so true hearted and so reliable, and I have always been so fond of you that you may well believe I put the question out of pure sympathy. You have a sweet and charming wife, fine healthy children, as I learn, a splendid place and wine like this in your cellar—why are you not happy?"

Wigand sat a while, gazed straight before him and twirled the stem of his glass between his fingers. Then said he: "I see the day coming when my wife's joy will be changed to sorrow and this estate, which has been in the possession of her family for upwards of three hundred years will pass into the hands of strangers. And I feel that it is my fault for not having proceeded with proper caution, and for not having taken into account the possibility of bad years."

Then he gave his friend a careful account of the condition in which he had

found the estate when he assumed charge of it, of the feverish activity of the last six years and of the present desperate state of his affairs. In the course of his remarks he came to speak of the treasure that had been buried during the Thirty Years' War and did not conceal the fact that he had wasted many an hour in muddling his brains concerning the spot where the old ancestor had at that time hidden it.

The ancient parchment excited Radloff's special interest, and he begged for a sight of it. "Men of my taste can often find a clue in such things," said he, "searching into dark and hidden matters is a good deal in our line of business."

Wigand lit a candle and said: "There is in addition to that a whole sheaf of family papers on my desk, all old. Among them are memoranda relating to the purchase and acquisition of objects of art belonging to the last century, in Paris, which might interest you. The family was at that time very wealthy. When in the year 1717 things passed into the hands of Beatus von Rephun, he found himself in possession of fifty-three estates, which were almost entirely unencumbered. But in the course of years he and his son who succeeded him made ducks and drakes of pretty much everything, for they lived on a grand scale and Richenberg must have worn the air of a small court."

Then he went off to get the manuscripts, and in passing his candle lit up an object in a corner cupboard, that had previously been in shadow. When he returned with an arm full of papers yellow with time, he found Radloff entirely absorbed in the contemplation of a little group of china figures. He twisted and turned them and closely scrutinized the mark on their under surface, then set them before him on the table in the proper light and gave them a slight turn with his fingers. "Say,"

said he after a pause, "have you anything more of the kind?"

"Lots and lots," said Wigand, "there is a quantity of this stuff in the garret, just such dolls, and animals too, and vases and dishes and what not. My wife often brings something that pleases her down stairs; women take delight in such fol-de-rol. There is more of it in her little room in the corner."

"I would like to see it!" said Radloff.

So they went over to the small chamber which Frau Hildegard had been wont to deck out, even in the days of her girlhood. There stood a case lined with glass, containing all sorts of pretty things in china, ivory, glass and the like. The doctor gave these a rapid survey, and his eyes then remained rivetted on the upper shelf. There stood a so-called *vis-à-vis*, a breakfast service for two with plate, two cups, pitcher and so forth, in white and gold. He opened the case and examined the pieces with great care. His hand shook as he put back the last. Then he gave two long drawn whistles and asked the question: "I suspect that an old morocco case goes with this; is it anywhere?"

"I don't know, you will have to ask my wife."

"Has she gone to bed?"

"Yes."

"What a pity!"

Then Radloff indulged in a short reflection and inquired: "Did you not say something about lists of objects of art purchased in Paris? Can I see them?"

They went back into the other room, and Wigand selected from the pile some other papers, in the contents of which the doctor became directly absorbed. Pretty soon he gave another long drawn whistle and said: "This list belongs to a later period, to the second half of the century."

"Yes, it was made by Louis von Rephun, the son of Beatus; he spent a long time in Paris."

"Do you know whether any of these things are in existence?"

"I have not the slightest idea."

"Do you remember any of the things you saw upstairs?"

"Hardly any. I took no interest in them. And yet I did observe three vases, one big and two little, on account of their singular shape."

"What did they look like?" burst in Radloff eagerly and excitedly, "I mean what color were they?"

"Well, rose color, I think, if I remember right."

"Thunder and Mars!" cried the doctor. "Cannot we go straight there? I must see them!"

"But only think, my dear friend, in the middle of the night; there will be plenty of time to-morrow."

Radloff fidgeted about: "Ah, you have no idea! All right. Here is a list of furniture; is any of it left?"

"Yes, indeed! Old bureaus with swell fronts and brass mountings, and bright marble slabs."

"And inlaid flowers?"

"Yes, I think so."

It was plain that the doctor was growing more and more excited. "And I thought I was coming here to get a rest!" he said in a tone of comic despair. "Out of Scylla into Charybdis. Friend, do not think I have taken leave of my senses! If you knew what I was driving at you would understand me. But if I were to say anything now—you would think me a lunatic. And I don't want to raise any hopes until I am sure of my ground. There, the whole thing has stirred me up. There won't be much sleep to-night. And now a single request; give me the key to the place where these things are kept. If I am not able to get at them to-morrow at early daylight, I shall go distracted."

Wigand shook his head but gratified him and described to him the part of the castle from which these garrets might be approached. There was noth-

ing more to be made out of Radloff, he professed to be fatigued, but when Wigand took the candle to conduct him to his chamber he carried all the manuscripts with him.

Considerably astonished Wigand betook himself to his sleeping room. "Collectors are all birds of a feather, after all!" he thought within himself. "He acted to-day just as the pastor did a little while ago. How sympathetic the old gentleman was, but once he had found the grubs the boot was on a different leg. How can any one care for such tomfoolery, for the old absurd porcelain dolls with their hoop skirts, the paltry cups and saucers and the old rose-colored pots and the spinsters' bureaus. I have somewhere read that collecting ruins the character. The man that wrote that had a level head."

At eight the next morning the wedded pair sat at the breakfast table and waited in vain for the doctor. He must have got up long before, for news came that at six o'clock he had made his appearance in the kitchen with his shirt sleeves rolled up, drunk a large jug of milk, requested to be furnished with a feather duster and had thereupon incontinently vanished. Just as Wigand was on the point of going to hunt him up, the missing one entered the room in a deplorable condition. He was covered with dust from head to foot, his dishevelled locks were plastered on his forehead, and his face which bore the traces of a sleepless night was singularly illumined by the fire that flashed from his dark eyes. His evident excitement inspired the thought that he might have passed the night by the side of the good bottle or Chateau d'Yquem. In one hand he carried some sheets of paper, in the other a morocco case.

"Lord help us, he has turned crazy in the night!" was Wigand's involuntary thought, "he was starting in yesterday."

"Excuse me, dear madam," said Radloff, "for appearing before you in such a guise. But there are moments in life when the ordinary rules of society are as slightly felt and as little to be heeded as feather down. My dear Wigand, we are wont to picture the goddess Fortune as a beautiful young woman, sailing round with her rosy feet resting on a sphere of glass, and emptying out her cornucopia on people who have not deserved it. But occasionally she wears a different aspect. Sometimes she takes on the form of a renegade doctor of laws, unwashed and uncombed. And he carries the cornucopia in his hand. It is true that short-sighted people might mistake it for a pile of dirty papers. And now, my dear Wigand, I beg you will attend to me. I see plainly you think my brains are a little turned, but do not send me to a physician until you have listened to me. I start with the assumption that I am really posted in these matters, and that you can believe all I say, however improbable it sounds. Considering the fact that rich collectors worry themselves about such things, everything becomes possible. Last evening I accidentally came across that Old Meissen group of figures, *Vieux Saxe*, as the French say, wonderfully well preserved and undoubtedly genuine. Such a group brings 3,000 francs to-day. This drew my attention, and my second discovery was made in your glass cupboard, madam. An old *Sèvres vis-à-vis*, white and gold, wonderfully beautiful. I hold in my hand the morocco case that goes with it. I found it in a corner of the garret. It is important, for the presence of the old case doubles the price. Value: 80,000 francs."

"Come, come!" said Wigand.

"The last time I was in Paris there was an auction in the *Hôtel de ventes* at which a *vis-à-vis*, scarcely as well preserved as this, brought this price. My attention was now aroused, and I

began to look for further information. And I came to the conclusion that the old Herr von Rephun, who so persistently sought for the ducats and doubloons buried in the Thirty Years War, had contemptuously bestowed in the attic the far more valuable treasures which he held in his own hands. It is perfectly true that, at the time he did this, these things were not valued as highly as they are to-day, when all the great world, especially in France, bends the knee before King Bibelot, and the valuation of objects of art of the rococo period is carried to a frenzied excess. It is but a short time since a writing table of the time of Marie Antoinette brought 700,000 francs in Paris. It is true this was a special piece of insanity.

"Of course I got no sleep all night and I passed the time in delving in the old papers. In the gray of dawn I stole into the garret and was fortunate enough to find the place that had been pointed out to me. The first thing on which my eyes fell in the early twilight was a neat little fortune that stood innocently on one side and seemed to make no account of itself. And of what did it consist? Of three vases and a chest of drawers. A set of three vases *Rose Dubarry*, in a wonderful state of preservation, without the smallest crack and without a single chipped edge. The object of frenzied desire on the part of many a rich and fanatical collector. For first of all these vases are very beautiful, and secondly very rare. The pretty rose tint cannot be copied. Value: 200,000 francs."

Wigand burst out laughing.

"Do not laugh, my son!" cried Radloff, "this is sober earnest. These vases stood on a chest of drawers of rosewood, with a top of *Brescia marble* from Aleppo! It was gracefully curved and had inlaid flowers and was adorned with trimmings of gilded bronze. The

most exquisite work of the Pompadour period. The fact is that the old lords of Rephun never went in for anything cheap. Green be the grass above them. We will say 30,000 francs."

"Come, my good Radloff, that's enough," said Wigand.

"By no means, my good friend, for I found lots more. For example, a jardiniere Old Sèvres, royal blue, magnificent and faultless—100,000 francs. But I admit that you have some show of reason for demurring to the prices I have just cited. For they are the ones paid at Paris auctions. Were you to sell the treasures we have just unearthed to a dealer, in one block, he could not give you as much, for he takes upon himself a considerable risk and has his own profit to earn. Nevertheless I should estimate the value of what we have discovered as half a million marks, for as yet I have only footed up the worth of the principal objects. There are in addition quite a number of less valuable articles. The inventory I have here gives an approximate estimate. Everything is set down at about half its value. These figures are sufficient to dispel all your cares, and to-morrow's sun will shine more radiantly. Read what I have written."

Wigand took the sheets with a smile of incredulity, and read the result of a long, carefully calculated footing up. It amounted to 514,300 marks.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed.

"God's own truth!" replied Radloff unmoved, and then continued: "For the rest I can only say that my entire property is at your disposal for present wants, in case you are in immediate need of funds. This will be quite enough to meet all your obligations. If you wish I will write this very day to my banker in Berlin. The whole is invested in consols and good railway securities, and can be converted into cash at any moment. Meanwhile I will at once communicate with a Paris dealer

whom I know very well. For this treasure has got to go to Paris. There is to be found the only market for such rare objects of art. The course of time has gradually brought about this condition of things. The dealer is a German by birth, has a large capital at his command, and is remarkably well posted. When this expert shall confirm my statements it is to be hoped that your incredulity will vanish. During the interval I will arrange a little exhibition here. In the other wing I have come across a nice little room which is still furnished in the style of the last century. Here I will rig out a regular Christmas display. You shall see what a harmony of form and color I will bring to pass."

Wigand sat stiff and straight and his head spun. The absolute confidence his friend displayed, his offer of so considerable a sum began to make a certain impression on him. He had never had any eye for such things, and no wonder it seemed incredible to him that such china flimflams and twisted relics of antiquity should be so enormously valuable. It was like a tale out of the "Arabian Nights." After a while he said: "Do not take it hard of me, my dear friend. I would like to believe it, it would be an awful piece of good luck, but for the present I cherish my doubts like Konrad Bolz in 'The Journalists' and say, as he did: 'Seeing is believing!' The thing is too much like a fairy story. Up comes the wise magician, waves his magic wand, and earthen pottery changes into pure gold."

"The fairy legend that insignificant things are converted into immense treasures, comes true every day," said Radloff. "Here's a man who discovers a cheap method of manufacturing an insignificant salicylic acid powder. Seven millions is what this has brought the manufacturer. Think of the Schöneberg peasants, with their few acres of sand and meadow. Berlin grew

out to them, they sold their land for building lots and are now all millionaires. In a wilderness filled with evil odors some one bores a hole in the soil, and there arises an inexhaustible spring of gold in the shape of petroleum. These are the fairy tales of to-day, and this is just such another, and the wand your friend and magician waved on this occasion was simply a little knowledge, painfully acquired. Blessed be the luck that brought me here in the nick of time. Had there been an auction later on, some pedlar, with a secret smile, would have bought up the whole lot for a hundred marks, and what's more a good portion of it would have been smashed by the barbaric fists of clowns. My coming here was a special providence, my son. But it is all up with my vacation. Lord bless be! I started to fish for minnows and have landed half a million!"

X.

CONCLUSION.

Radloff was right, the projected vacation vanished in air, and the days that followed found him hard at work. He committed to reliable people the task of bringing down the larger pieces of furniture and other objects, but over the china, the clocks and other fragile articles he hung like a lioness over her young. He ascended and descended the stairs innumerable times and conveyed everything as carefully as a mother her sick child. Then he would stand all day with his shirtsleeves rolled up, and soap, wash, brush and clean each object with his own hands, taking delight in every hidden beauty that was thus made manifest, and continually making little fresh discoveries. When he had finished with all this he set about the arrangement of the chamber, and utilizing the best furniture he had found, the multitude of china, the fine

bronze clocks, two fine carpets he fished up later and some pictures of the period, he created an effect which was in itself a small triumph of art, and which would impress even an outsider by the charm of its arrangement as well as the exquisite grace of its details. When things had been brought to this point the dealer arrived.

Radloff said to Wigand: "Let me take the part of the dragon that guards this treasure. All alone I will do battle with this wandering knight. You listened to the news, but were wanting in faith, and that is bad in such matters."

Wigand assented smilingly. "Do what you like. If we get 150,000 marks out of the thing I shall be contented, but I fear the man will laugh in your face." But when the man was ushered into the treasure chamber he showed no sign of laughing; in fact he was hard put to it to conceal a highly unprofessional surprise. And once he had carefully examined the three magnificent Sèvres vases, Rose Dubarry, he was palpably struck with awe. He was acquainted with two enormously rich collectors who would be certain to dispute the possession of this costly rarity. There would never be a better chance of getting the very highest price. Moreover, each of the other pieces had a value of its own. He knew his clients and their peculiarities; within himself he parcelled out and allotted the pieces, this to this one and that to the other, and the knowledge of business derived from his long experience enabled him, after a brief survey, to set a higher value on the whole collection than Radloff had ventured to do. The whole transaction moreover would be unusually advantageous, inasmuch as it would be easy to prove beyond cavil that all these pieces had been from the first in the possession of the same family, in fact there were papers positively certifying their acquisition. This disposed of the whole question of counterfeiting,

an art that in things of this kind is often so skilfully employed as to deceive the most thorough experts. The whole thing was a most unusual piece of good fortune, and he expected to make a handsome profit for himself, provided he should be entrusted with the sale.

The two men passed a couple of days in careful testing and examination and in the drawing up of an inventory. On the third Radloff laid before his friend a form of contract, by which the dealer undertook the payment of 200,000 marks and assumed the whole expense. The thing would be conveyed to Paris and there sold, after fitting preparation. The excess over the sum paid in ready money would be divided equally between the present owner and the dealer.

"It is true that he will probably make a colossal profit in the transaction," said Radloff, "but that is all right, for he will have a lot to do and runs a considerable risk. For were war or cholera or a commercial panic to break out, the market for this extreme form of luxury would be ruined at once. This he has to take into account."

Not for an instant did Wigand and his wife hesitate to accept this proposal, and in their hearts they blessed the true friend, without whose intervention this costly treasure would probably never have been discovered, indeed would probably in part have been destroyed, in part scattered to the four winds of heaven without doing its owners any good. And they began to indulge in kinder feelings towards the two ancestors in the previous century, whose ambition and extravagance had, it is true, squandered the rich family inheritance, and yet who, through the possession of these very qualities, had by a wonderful interposition of providence been led to secure the last scion of their stock from ruin, and to save a remnant of their former wealth for

their remote descendants. So strangely are interwoven the threads of human destiny.

* * * * *

Three years had passed, and it was the eve of St. John's Day. Wigand and his wife had taken a walk through the park, and surveyed the improvements that had been completed during the year. A simultaneous impulse now conducted them to the newly built bark hut which surmounted the wall and took the place of the old scaffolding that overhung the Richnow. They mounted the graceful stairs, sat down on a bench and as the peaceful sunny evening drew on gazed out over the meadow, studded with thick and stately piles of hay, and over the gardens of the village of Richenberg that rose in the distance. All about the skirts of the meadow the yellow buntings spun out their monotonous lay in the evening sun, and in the smooth and sluggish Richnow leaped now and then a fish. Water roses bloomed in the tranquil bends. In the distance, by the side of the Richnow, sat Radloff and fished. It was his wont to make a visit of a few weeks at Castle Richnow every year in order to loaf himself out, as he expressed it. When he observed the pair he raised on high a fine fish and let him shine in the sun. They nodded to him and smiled. Then actuated by a common impulse they went up to the edge of the wall and looked down on the spot where in days gone by a young engineer had "breathed" in the noon-day heat. Hildegard carried in her hand wild flowers which she had picked as she came through the park. There were forget-me-nots among them, "the old ditch flowers." She took a little cluster of these and placed them in her husband's buttonhole, and then decked her own bosom with the delicate flowers. Then she looked over the wall and, by an involuntary impulse scattered the other flowers above the very spot.

"This time I did it on purpose!" she said roguishly.

"It is ten years ago to-day," answered Wigand. Hildegard nodded, then they looked lovingly in each other's eyes and kissed each other.

As they once more looked across the meadow they observed the pastor and his wife, who came out of the village and walked slowly towards the castle along the highway.

"Do you not notice," said Wigand, "that the pastor has a much prouder gait since his discovery of the *Ignota magna* Krahnstöver?"

"Has it turned out that this is really a new species?"

"O, didn't you know that? A short time ago he showed me with great pride the number of the Stettin entomological journal, containing his description. It is a little, gray, insignificant owl, a miserable little creature, but incontestably a new species. The grub dwells on a marsh plant, the name of which I have forgotten. No more do I remember the Latin name that he has given it, to me it is always the *Ignota magna*. Oh, he is mightily proud of this new species, he has put it in a glass case all by itself and the specimens are set up with gold pins."

Hildegard smiled. "Let us go and meet them!" said she.

They descended and walked along the path, the same that Wigand had once followed. But it was not grown up now as formerly, but wound along over the blooming mead, smooth and trim. The thicket in which Hildegard had then hidden herself was still standing, only it had grown higher and was not quite so dense.

"Never in my life did my heart beat as hard as it once did here," said she. They slowly walked on. The air was so still this evening that even the leaves of the aspens were motionless, and hung quietly on their long stems. Illuminated by the soft glow of eve the

gray ruins of the old castle stood forth on the hill top. The water lilies bloomed in the ditch at its foot; wild roses bent above and the dark water reflected their tender blossoms. They crossed a new bridge of delicate construction and came now into the older portion of the park. Here too a new order of things prevailed. Between the alleys which radiated towards the castle were beds of green turf, diversified with thickets and groups of flowering plants. The old sandstone carvings had been removed. "They were worthless!" Radloff had said. "The Rephuns never laid out much in that sort of thing. The design was mechanical. The old lords had gone in more for furniture, china and interior decoration. That was their forte."

The sundial alone remained and now had a gilded gnomon. It was indeed of very little use, for the flowers of the half circle in which it stood had grown so high that it was almost always in shade.

As they now approached the castle along the broad way bordered by lindens, they heard in their rear a tramping, rolling and hurraing, and just before they reached the round place which was now overgrown with blooming roses they were overtaken by a pony carriage. In front sat Bevernest and the oldest son, who acted as driver, behind them the three other children were crowded together, the youngest, two years old, in the lap of his nurse. He waved his little round arms and crowed with delight. The young driver made his steed describe a graceful curve around the opening, and brought up abruptly in front of the castle. The little company now scrambled down from the carriage, and old Bevernest, as well, climbed carefully and painfully down.

"How goes it with you, Bevernest?" inquired Wigand. "You seem to limp."

"Yes," replied he, "the old rheuma-

tism is better still, but I think now I've got a touch of the potengram.¹ It keeps crawling round in my big toe, and sometimes keeps me awake at night."

"Aha, you will have to go back to the steam bath again," said Wigand.

"If master thinks that is good for potengram too, all right. The idea makes me crawl all over, but then the potengram is not very amusing." And he hobbled off with a sigh.

And now the pastor and his wife came up around the corner of the castle, and Radloff with his fishing net and

rod approached from the park. All had in their hands a bunch of forget-me-not, and handed it to the married pair who beamed with pleasure.

"The blue flowers out of your life's fairy tale!" said Radloff.

The table was spread on the open veranda. Around the hospitable board a group of happy beings seated themselves, and long did merry talk and the joyous clink of glasses resound in the rose perfumed twilight of the June night.

LITTLE CHARMER OVER THERE.

(A Connacht Love Song in the Metre of the Original.)

Little charmer over there,
To my prayer, oh, turn not cold;
Child, whose locks unto the flowers
Fall in showers of languid gold;
Child, beneath whose brows of jet
Eyes deep set of dreamy gray
Through the darkness haunt and haunt me,
Daunt and daunt me all the day.

Like the swan thy bosom shows;
Pert thy nose and round thy chin;
Small thy mouth of smiling red,
Bright the bed of pearls therein.
Oh, thy white hand's gentle gestures!
Oh, thy vesture's floating flow!
Oh, to hear thy voice and bless it,
Then to miss it, ah, the woe!

Oh, the snowy fluttering blossom
Of thy bosom, Branch of May,
While thy steps go dancing by me
Down the thymy meadow way.
Pity now I'm not with thee
Under key in Waterford,
Those soft-fingered palms of thine
Locked in mine, O maid adored.

The Athenaeum.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

¹ Podagra. Tr.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Of the late Lord Russell in his legal capacity, it is my intention to say but little. Much has been written already on this aspect of his many-sided character, by lawyers of eminence, who speak with an authority to which I can lay no claim. But owing to the accidents of life I saw a great deal of him in his private capacity; and I think that, as a friend, unconnected with him by family ties, professional associations, political or theological relations, I am in a position to record faithfully the impressions left on me by many years of close and friendly intimacy. In various obituary notices, which have appeared since Lord Russell's death, those who can read between the lines, will have observed a half-unconscious impression on the part of the writers of these notices that, great as was his standing at the Bar and on the Bench, high, too, as was the respect in which he was held, he was not a personage who inspired much affection in ordinary life, and that he was rather esteemed and honored than beloved. I do not say that such an estimate of his character had not a certain amount of external justification. But I do say this estimate will never be endorsed by those, who, in common with myself, knew something of the inner life of the late Lord Chief Justice. In my memory he will live not only as the kindest of friends, but as the pleasantest of companions and the most interesting of talkers. It is to me, therefore, a labor of love to place on record a few passing recollections of my long intimacy, serving perhaps to explain the charm which Lord Russell exercised over those who knew him personally, but which for various reasons he could not exercise over those to whom he was

only known as a lawyer and a politician.

My first meeting with Lord Russell took place some five and thirty years ago when he was then Mr. Charles Russell, just beginning to be known as a rising barrister on the Northern Circuit. It was at a supper given in the Temple by a common friend of ours. For some reason or other, which I cannot now recall, two other guests who had been invited failed to make an appearance, and the result was that the rubber of whist which had been arranged for Russell's entertainment, fell through. The result was fortunate in as far as I was concerned, as we had a long talk together, chiefly about journalism, in which Russell always took a great interest, and in connection with which he knew me by repute. The acquaintance thus formed never completely dropped. From time to time I used to meet Russell at public dinners and receptions; and it was pleasant to me to note that he always took an opportunity of recalling himself to my memory. He possessed, in a marvellous degree, the power of recollecting names and faces, a power in which I myself am woefully deficient; and, materially as well as morally, he never forgot a friend. My intimate friendship, however, with Russell, did not commence till about eighteen years ago, when he had left Liverpool and taken up his abode in London. It was, if my memory serves me, in 1882 that I became a member of the Portland Club, and on the occasion of my first appearance there, Russell came forward to express his pleasure at my having joined the Club. It so happened that Russell was invited to a dinner given by a fellow member, at which I was also to be a guest; and on hearing this he pro-

posed that we should go together. On finding, however, that we had a quarter of an hour to wait before we had to start, he suggested a game of bezique.

I only mention this trivial incident because it throws considerable light on one phase of Russell's character. He was, as all who knew him privately are aware, an habitual card-player. I can hardly recall amidst my many card-playing acquaintances any one to whom cards were, if I may use the phrase, such a solace as they were to him. But it always seemed to me, that for him the real attraction of card-playing lay not in the desire to win, but in the relaxation cards afforded him after the constant strain of his daily life. No man ever took his work more seriously than Charles Russell. He threw his whole heart into any case he took up. His clients' interests were, for the time, as important to him as his own. To sit still, however, and to be idle was not in his nature. In common with many other men who lead busy, tiring and harassing lives, he found the best, if not the only, way to obtain mental rest after his day's work was over, was to engage in some pursuit which, for the time, occupied his attention to the exclusion of every other. Every card-player will bear me out in saying that if you have troubles, cares, anxieties, responsibilities, which you would gladly put away from your thoughts for an interval, there is no occupation so effective in securing this respite as that of playing for stakes, the loss or gain of which is not to you a matter of absolute indifference. When your mental faculties are engaged in following the fall of the cards there is no room within your brain for reflecting on other matters. Of course, if one plays, one likes to win. I never yet met the player who did not. There is, however, all the difference in the world between the card-player who plays to make money and the card-player who plays to win the

game. By all who knew him at the card-table, Russell would be placed unhesitatingly in the latter category. He carried into card-playing the same extreme dislike to being beaten which constituted one of the chief causes of his success at the Bar. He was too high-minded a man to derive much pleasure from winning money for money's sake. But he enjoyed the excitement of the game, the satisfaction of pitting his skill against that of other players, and winning at the end. I have known of his sitting up for hours if the cards went against him, while if the cards were running in his favor he was the first to leave the table. If you look on cards merely as a means of making money, I should not class him as a first-class player. But, in respect of skill, he showed the same care, the same clearness of mind, the same quickness of decision which he displayed in his professional pursuits. He was not, I think, generally popular as a card-player. His impatience of mistakes on the part alike of partners and opponents, and his outspoken criticism of play which did not meet with his approval were apt to give offence to people who did not know him. But to those who did, these slight defects were more than atoned for by his kindliness and liberality in all cases of dispute such as necessarily arise from time to time in card-playing communities.

I have thought it right in this attempt to describe Charles Russell as I knew him, to say something about him as a card-player. It was at the card-table I learnt to know him intimately; and it is my experience of life that the true character of one's associates displays itself more fully when they are engaged in card-playing than it does in most other occupations. I should, however, be conveying a false impression if I led my readers to think that cards interfered in any way with the real work of his busy life. Card-playing

was to him a pastime—a favorite pastime, if you like—but a pastime only. I had ceased to be a member of the Portland Club some time before his elevation to the Bench. But I have reason to know that, from the date when he occupied a judicial position, he seldom played at the club, and then only for small stakes. I do not believe this was due to any objection to card-playing in itself, but to a conviction that the dignity of his high legal station, a dignity of which he was almost morbidly jealous, might possibly be impaired if he were seen habitually in play resorts.

It was a similar sentiment which caused Russell after he became a judge, to give up almost entirely his attendance at race meetings, of which, during his career at the Bar, he was a well-known frequenter. The personal sacrifice involved in this retirement was, I think, greater than in the case of the card-room. Even amongst professional race-goers I have never met with any man who took a keener or more genuine interest in the turf. I was never much of a sportsman myself in any way, but owing to the kindness of friends who had rooms at Newmarket, I was in the habit, during the later years of Russell's life as an advocate, of going frequently to the Newmarket meetings, and when there I was much in his company. He always seemed to me to enjoy himself more at a race meeting than anywhere else. He was as keen about racing as he was about everything else to which he turned his mind. Many are the strolls we have taken together on the heath in the early morning hours. I was often amazed by the store of racing information he had not only picked up, but retained in his memory. The names of the winners of all the great races of his time, the weights they carried, the distances by which they won, the horses whom they defeated, were well-nigh as familiar to him as to a trainer of expe-

rience. To me, I confess, one horse is very like another in look; and if by any chance I had ever possessed racehorses of my own, and had watched them from a distance walking in a string, I should always have found it difficult to feel certain which was which, until I had asked the stable-boys who were exercising them. But Russell had what, to my mind, was an extraordinary faculty of recognizing a horse by its points. He would constantly, in our walks, make a guess at the names of a string of horses going to or from the heath, and five times out of six he would prove to be right in his nomenclature. He had an Irishman's love of horses, and an Irishman's appreciation of the points which distinguish horses from one another, points which, to those who can recognize them, differ as much as the features and figures of mankind. He could talk, and loved to talk, with trainers, jockeys, betting men and racing folk, about their own subjects in their own language; and I think he was prouder of his acquaintance with such men as Porter, Peck and Cannon than he was of his friendship with all the leading magnates of the turf. My belief is, that his selection as standing counsel to the Jockey Club gave him more personal gratification than his elevation to the Bench. I may add that his love for racing as a sport did not blind him in any way to the abuses almost inseparable from the Turf, and I am convinced from remarks he has often made to me in speaking about racing, that, both as a lawyer and a legislator, he would have been in favor of drastic legislation with the view of removing the abuses in question.

On three occasions Lord Russell was kind enough to propose that we should go together to Carlsbad, where I have been in the habit of going most summers for the sake of taking the waters. We travelled together, we spent our days together, and as a rule we came home

together. A lady who had long been separated from her husband, on account of incompatibility of temper, once said to a friend who happened to remark that he had just returned from a tour abroad with her husband—"Well, if you have travelled with him, you can understand why I could never live with him." There is, I am convinced, no better test of character than fellow-travelling. I learnt, as his fellow-traveller, why it was that Russell, who had not the reputation of being a man easy to get on with, was yet so beloved as well as respected by the members of his family and his own immediate circle of friends. I have no doubt that to people he did not like, and who rubbed him up the wrong way, he could and did make himself uncommonly unpleasant. But to people he did like, he had the power of making himself singularly attractive. His irritability of temper was only skin-deep, and was due to a sort of nervous restlessness of disposition. If a cab-driver at Carlsbad went slower than he liked, or a waiter was longer in answering his call than he considered proper, he, having little or no knowledge of German, would call on me to espouse his grievance as my own. But when I explained to him, as I could easily succeed in doing, that the grievance of which he complained was due to regulations for which the delinquent cabman or waiter was not personally responsible, he immediately withdrew his complaint and admitted that he was in the wrong. At Pupp's restaurant, where we usually dined, the system prevailed, as it commonly does in Germany, of assigning particular waiters to each set of tables, so that all waiters unattached to your individual service have no call or right to attend to your wants. If our meals were not served as rapidly as he wished, he would at first call out to every waiter who was passing, and was indignant at his call being left unnoticed. But as soon as I

satisfied him that the waiters had orders to confine their service to their own allotted customers, his only remark was that he did not like the system, but that as it was the system there was no more to be said. I remember, too, his being greatly put out because a cab-driver drove us at a foot's pace through the streets of Carlsbad. At his request I asked the man to go faster. The answer was that by the laws of the town he was only allowed during the bathing season, to drive through the streets adjoining the springs at walking speed, under a fine of twenty gulden. "Tell him, then," Russell went on, "that if he is fined I will pay the fine." "That is all very well," the cabman retorted, "but I may be sent to prison as well as fined, and I suppose his Excellency would not consent to go to prison in my place." Upon my translating the reply, Russell burst out laughing, and remarked that perhaps it would not look well for a Chief Justice of England to be committed to prison for inducing a German droschky driver to break the laws of his country. I only recall these incidents, insignificant as they are, because they throw some light on a charge often brought against Russell of being dictatorial and domineering in manner.

He had, too, another singular merit as a fellow-traveller; he did not bother himself about small charges or petty expenses. No doubt he resented anything he regarded as an imposition. But even then he was always amenable to reason. In Austrian restaurants it is the custom to give a percentage on the bill to the waiter who attends to you, and to give double this *trinkgeld*, whatever the amount may be, to the head waiter, who brings the bill at the close of your repast. Russell thought with reason that the custom was unjust both to the customer and the waiter. But when I had got him to understand that the waiters had taken their engagements in accordance with this custom, he imme-

diately recognized the force of the argument, and paid the extra charge to the head waiter without any further demur.

Every morning during the cure we used to take long walks through the pine woods with which Carlsbad is surrounded; and the recollections of these walks are amongst the pleasantest of my Carlsbad memories. The very fact of the differences of opinion which existed between us on all the important topics of the time might have been expected to make our intercourse uncongenial. Russell was an advanced Radical, a devout Catholic, an ardent Home Ruler and an admirer of Gladstone. My convictions, whether they were strong or weak, were politically, theologically and personally the exact opposite of those entertained by my fellow-traveller. But notwithstanding our divergent points of view, possibly by reason of those very divergencies, we always agreed to differ. I cannot recall a single instance in which Russell ever said anything to me in our travels calculated to jar on my feelings. He never made any attempt to conceal his own convictions, but he was willing to give me, or any friend he liked, credit for sincerity, however much he disapproved of his opinions. It appeared to me, moreover, that this kindly toleration of views antagonistic to his own was due not only to a genuine dislike to give offence, but to the legal instincts with which his life had imbued him even more thoroughly than they do the bulk of his profession. He was above all things a lawyer, and as a lawyer he was wedded to the idea that every man had a right to defend his case, or have it defended for him, in any way sanctioned by the law. He might possibly have found it difficult to reconcile logically his theological position, as a Catholic, with his political and judicial proclivities. But this very inconsistency rendered him more human, and more congenial to a

man such as myself, who has always had a keen sympathy with Pontius Pilate's inability to discover "what is truth."

To any sound appreciation of Russell's character it is necessary, especially for men of the world, to realize how much his career was influenced by his religion. In the ordinary sense of the words I should hardly say he was a religious man. He seldom talked of theological matters; and I should doubt whether at any time theological controversy had much attraction for a man of his clear common-sense intellect. On the other hand, he was devotedly attached to the faith of his birth. Many members of his family were members of religious orders; and he resented any disparaging remarks about the Catholic Church and about conventual establishments as being personally offensive to himself. He was, even when travelling abroad, a regular attendant at the services of his Church, and would, I have no doubt have been distressed if he had seemed in any way not to attach due importance to the ministrations of the priesthood. But he had none of the fervid zeal characterizing new converts. As a Catholic, born and bred, he was favorable in theory to the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Papacy and to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, on the ground that the granting of legislative independence to Ireland and the re-establishment of Papal Supremacy in Rome would strengthen the position of the Catholic Church. He was, however too clear-sighted to regard the accomplishment of those aspirations as coming within the domain of practical politics at the present day. This much, however, I must say in justice to him, that he was, for an Irishman and a Catholic, singularly free from any prejudice against England or the Anglican Communion. No born Briton could have been prouder or fonder of Great Britain. It was in England that he had

won his great success, had achieved fame and fortune, and had attained the highest position in the profession he loved so well; and he had far too sympathetic a nature not to feel a loyal affection for the country of his adoption. I have often fancied—though on this subject I never heard him speak—that his comparative failure to make a mark in Parliament was due, not to any lack of political ability, but to the fact that he was never quite in sympathy at heart with the policy of his fellow-countrymen during the Parnell era. One result of his religious training should fairly be noted. He was a man whose life had been passed amidst men of the world, belonging as a rule to a class amongst whom a certain freedom of language is habitual. Yet, without any pretence of setting up a higher standard of morality than his associates, his conversation was at all times exceptionally free from offence. In as far as my observation went the sort of stories told in club smoking rooms, and at bar messes, always met with a reception from Russell which did not encourage their repetition; and though he was by no means squeamish in his language, he carefully avoided all talk which even lay on the borderland of impropriety. In the course of a chequered life I have known many men whose conversation was void of offence, but then they were not, as a rule, men who had lived in the society in which Russell—by the exigencies of his position and by his tastes—had necessarily passed the greater part of his life. I always attributed his distaste for loose conversation of any kind to the influence of a religion which had taken a strong hold of his mind from the days of his early education. I was the more impressed by this peculiarity from the fact that Russell was so emphatically, in other respects, a man with all the tastes, ideas, convictions and prejudices of a strong, vigorous, manly nature, and

with nothing of femininity about him, unless it were an almost womanly kindness of heart.

He had never received, as far as I could gather, though he was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, what in England would be called a high classical education. But he had read much of the English classics, had studied hard at the theory as well as the practice of law, and had retained, in spite of a very busy, active and absorbing life, the recollection of all he had learned and studied in his school and college days. His memory was prodigious, his interest in public affairs extremely keen, his literary proclivities marked and individual to himself. Even if one did not agree with him, there was always something original about his views which one could not fail to recognize. It seems to me, however, when recalling the many long walks we had together, that our conversation generally drifted into talk about law and lawyers. To me this kind of talk from one who spoke with such authority was singularly interesting. I have always considered myself, if I may use the phrase, as a sort of lay lawyer. I am a barrister of many years standing, but I have never held a brief or possessed a wig, or made any attempt to practice at the Bar. If, however, I had not drifted early in life into the bye-ways of literature I should have made law my pursuit. I have attended a good many trials, I am acquainted with all the *causes célèbres* of my day. I have had the good fortune of being more or less intimately acquainted with all the leading lawyers of two generations. This being so, I was a willing and fairly intelligent auditor of the legal reminiscences which Russell took so genuine a delight in recalling. He had the highest respect for the administration of British law taken collectively, but I doubt whether he had quite as equal respect for its administration taken in-

dividually. To some extent he was, professionally speaking, an outsider at the English Bar, and I fancy in the years before he had achieved success he met with a good deal of the antagonism which every close corporation offers to new men who have not followed the usual beaten path. I recollect once remarking to him, after he had become Lord Chief Justice, that if I were on my trial as an innocent man I would sooner be tried by a judge than by a jury. His answer was to the effect that if I knew as much of judges as he did, I should change my opinion, and that his experience was that juries, as a rule, took a more common-sense view of the case than the judges. Possibly the fact that the juries before whom he pleaded had, in the great majority of instances, taken his own view in favor of his clients, may have unconsciously biased his opinion. No small part of his success was, I believe, due to the extent with which he identified himself with any cause he had to plead. I remember once rather indiscreetly congratulating him on his success in obtaining a verdict in a notorious case, which seemed to me to have been given entirely in the face of the evidence. He obviously did not appreciate this compliment, made years after the case in question had become ancient history, and only remarked that the doubt in favor of his client was far stronger than was imagined by the outside public. He was too conservative in respect of the law to have ever been a thoroughgoing legal reformer, but if his life had been spared he would, I am convinced, have endeavored to simplify the cost and cumbrousness of our legal procedure, and would have tried to engraft upon our common law certain principles of Roman law which he held to be conducive to the interests of abstract justice. One word more to connect this digression with the main purport of my article. It may, perhaps, be known to some of my read-

ers that at the time of the Jameson Raid I did what little lay in my power to protest against the indiscriminate denunciation of the abortive invasion of the Transvaal. When Dr. Jameson and his fellow officers were brought before the Trial at Bar, over which the Lord Chief Justice presided, I applied to him for permission to attend at the trial. My request was immediately complied with, by an order for my admission to a seat on the Bench; and the order was accompanied by a letter saying that his Lordship granted the permission not only on account of personal friendship, but as a favor due to the interest I had taken in the subject matter about to be tried. Being a strong partisan of the cause that failed, I considered that the Lord Chief Justice, however unintentionally, had allowed his extreme disapproval of what he regarded as a filibustering expedition to bias his mind against the prisoners, and had secured their conviction by placing the issue before the jury in a form they could only answer by finding the prisoners guilty of the offence of which they stood accused without any opportunity of taking into account various considerations tending to place their offence, if offence there was, in the category rather of an error of judgment than of a crime. Whether this view was just or unjust, reasonable or unreasonable, is an issue foreign to my subject. All I need say is that I have never seen cause to alter my opinion as to the Raid, and that, in my judgment, the course of subsequent events has more than confirmed the justice of my view. Be this as it may, I, as a personal friend of Cecil Rhodes, of Dr. Jameson, and of many of the leaders of the Johannesburg Insurrection, felt it my duty to place upon record a protest against the view taken by the judges who presided over the Trial at Bar, amongst whom the Lord Chief Justice was the leading spirit, not only by virtue of his position, but by reason

of his vigorous personality. The protest in question was contained in an article published in this Review in March, 1897. Knowing that common repute assigned to the Lord Chief Justice an exceptional dislike of hostile comment, I felt a fear that the language I had been compelled to use in order to establish my case, might possibly have given offence to an old and valued friend. But to my great delight when we met shortly afterwards, I found him the same as before. Indeed, the only comment he ever made on the subject, on which our views were antagonistic, was contained in a remark of his in reference to some newspaper article which had criticized the decision of a brother judge, to the effect that "he himself never objected to honest criticism." On the other hand he was, I should say, more gratified than most successful men by expressions of kindness. When he was raised to the Bench I wrote to congratulate him on the honor conferred upon him. He must have received hundreds of such congratulations from members of the Bar, whose tribute to his merits could not but be infinitely more gratifying to him than my own, but he took the trouble of thanking me for my note, and added, "I should have felt hurt if you had not written."

He was not very much given to talk about himself. But on various occasions he mentioned circumstances in his life which confirmed the impression he left on me, as on all who knew him, of being a man who was bound, and felt himself bound, to succeed from the outset of his career. He began life as a solicitor in the north of Ireland, and, if I am not mistaken, was at this period a married man with a family. Having, however, made up his mind that the higher branch of the legal profession was the sphere for which he was destined by nature, he gave up a profession in which he was certain of a

competence, and got himself called to the Bar of the Middle Temple. He settled in Liverpool, where his relationship with Dr. Russell, the President of Maynooth College, was thought likely to secure him a connection amidst the Irish Catholic population of the great Lancashire seaport; and for some years he worked hard at local courts without obtaining much business. Indeed he once told me that the keenest disappointment of his life was his failure to obtain a post in the gift of the Liverpool municipality, to which he felt he had a strong claim on his own merits. He added, however, what he thought a calamity at the time was really the greatest stroke of luck which had ever happened to him. "If," he said, "I had been elected, I should have lived and died an obscure stipendiary official in a provincial city; as it is—" and here he left the sentence unfinished. Later on when he had become the leader of the Northern Circuit, and had acquired a very lucrative business throughout Lancashire, he being then by no means a wealthy man, with a large and growing family, gave it up to reside in London, enter Parliament and compete for the highest prizes of his profession. Again, when in the height of his forensic success, he surrendered a very large income in order to accept a judgeship in the Court of Appeal. If ever there was a man to whom the reproach of "fearing his fate too much" could not be justly applied, it was the lawyer who began his professional life as a small solicitor in an Irish provincial town, and ended it as Lord Chief Justice of England.

The success of his later years had, if I may use the phrase, rendered him more kindly, more even-tempered and more lovable than he had been in the days when his life was passed in active struggle. Of the visits I paid to Carlbad in his company the last was by far

the pleasantest. We took our meals as a rule together with Father Healy, who died a few months after our visit, and with my old friend Henry Labouchere and his wife and daughter. We made many excursions in common, and had what Americans would call "a real good time." The only change I recollect in Russell was that he took more trouble to make himself pleasant to strangers, and was more sociable in his manners than he had used to be. It is the fashion to say that most men deteriorate under prosperity. My own experience of life has led me to the conclusion that this saying does not hold true of men of a good and healthy nature. In private life and in his own home Russell showed a side of his character which was not easily recognized by strangers who only knew him professionally, that of a singularly domestic, affectionate and kind-hearted head of a family. The grief caused by his loss to those who were nearest and dearest to him is too sacred and too bitter for much to be said on his home life without risk of giving pain. I trust, however, I may be pardoned if I say that the cordial hospitality with which I, as an old friend, was received under his roof impressed me less than the charm of the relations existing between the master of Tadworth Court and his family. It was not only that he returned to the full the affection he inspired, but that his household seemed to me more united than any one it has ever been my lot to know. With the utmost goodwill and affection on both sides, the relations between parents and sons and daughters, who are no longer children, are apt to become strained. This is especially the case between fathers and sons. No guest, however, at Tadworth Court could fail to see that the Chief—as his boys used to call him—was not only respected and loved by his sons, but was recognized by them as a friend.

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I should say that few sons knew so much of their father, and that, what is more remarkable still, few fathers knew so much of their sons. In the Russell household there was an exceptional community of interests, affections, tastes and ideas.

If in these passing reminiscences I have said anything which can give pain, I hope my indiscretion may be pardoned. I am a strong believer in the adage, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Before an open grave hostile criticism, however well merited, is out of place. But a necessary corollary of the adage seems to me to be that, when you can honestly say what is good of the dead, it is well to speak that good while their memory is fresh. The fame of an advocate however brilliant, of a judge however eminent, is necessarily ephemeral. Whatever potentialities of more worldwide success Lord Russell of Killowen might have possessed if his lot in life had been other than it was, the fact remains that he must be known hereafter simply as a great advocate and a great judge—probably as the greatest of his day. In such a society as ours the world acts, and must act, in accordance with the saying, *Le Roi est Mort, Vive le Roi*. The greatest of us are soon forgotten, and our life is too busy and too short for any professional reputation, however lofty, to survive the tomb for any length of time. I think, therefore, that whilst his name is still fresh in the minds of his countrymen, it may be well for one who knew him to try and impress upon the public that with the late Lord Chief Justice there has passed away not only the most eminent legal and judicial notability of his time, but a man singularly worthy of respect in his private as well as his public career—a man for whom his family and his friends entertained, and rightly entertained, not only deep admiration, but keen personal affection.

Edward Dicey.

THE TEMPTING OF MACALLISTER.

"There's a universal fitness o' things, an' it's no fair dealing with the company for me to sign for navigation coal, fourteen bags to the ton, an' fill her bunkers with rubbish at thirteen," said MacAllister, chief engineer of the tramp steamer Fayal.

"H'm!" said the coaling clerk. "I haven't met many so particular. Hang another bag on the steelyard, trimmer, and we'll try again;" and, when a bronze-colored Somali hooked on the bag something rustled crisply between the fingers he laid upon it. Then he retreated swiftly as MacAllister strode forward with a flash in his deep-set gray eyes.

"Will ye go by the ladder—or over the rail for temptin' a poor man with your stolen gold?" he said, and, shrugging his shoulders in contemptuous pity, the coaling clerk departed.

Meanwhile, Appleton, the Fayal's sole white passenger, smiled quietly as he leaned against the gritty rail, glancing alternately at the dazzlingly white houses against the sun-scorched waste ashore, and towards the engineer, who, pushing back his greasy cap, wiped the perspiration from his blackened face. He knew there are foreign coaling stations where business is conducted on the lines that honesty is the best policy, and that there are also others where it is not. The indifferent roadstead in which the Fayal lay, a little outside the screw-beaten track, through shimmering lukewarm seas which lead to India, was reputed to be one of the latter.

"You might have made a ten-pound note, or, say fifteen, by mixing the count," he said. "Why did you refuse it? From what I've heard the owners won't thank you;" and MacAllister answered, "That's, maybe, very true, but it hardly concerns the matter. I will

not rob my engines—we'll need the best that's in them, I'm thinking, presently—or sweat the life-blood out o' my firemen burnin' dirt o' coals. But how comes it, Mr. Appleton, ye ken the tricks o' the trade?"

Appleton only laughed as he moved away, but when, with her bunkers full of fair navigation fuel, the Fayal steamed out under heavens of velvety indigo into the moonlit Indian sea, he leaned over the dew-beaded bridge rails discussing her chief engineer with the skipper. The tall funnel and stumpy masts swung in a stately measure sharp and black against the mellow glow, which, flickering upon the phosphorescent smother about the snoring bows, and flung back in splendors from a breadth of brine-wet plates, turned even her cheaply-constructed hull into a fairy picture.

"Mack's the best man at nursing an engine I ever sailed with," said the skipper, "but he should have been born richer. Too fond of forcing his notions down other people's throats, and he has made the manager rather tired of him. Hove several drums of poor oil overboard last voyage and sent back his stores—perhaps you know there's a commission to some one on the inferior sorts. Well, he knows they'll turn him out when we get back, and I'm sorry for Mack. Crippled wife at home, and it's not easy finding a berth, you see."

Now Appleton understood all this as well as the skipper, though he did not say so. Instead he lounged on the bridge, soothed by the glorious harmonies of sky and sea worked out in dusky indigo, silver and ebony. Meantime the swarthy passengers, Mohammedans returning from Mecca to Zanzibar, with laborers of various colors for the new Kilindini railway, settled themselves to

sleep all over the iron deck below, while the chief engineer sat worrying over figures in his sweltering room. The sweat dripped from his forehead on to the paper, now and then a big brown cockroach crawled across his grimy jacket, but MacAllister continued unheeding, until at last he sighed as he said, "There'll be enough to hold the house together a three months, an' find poor Jeannie her comforts—an' something may happen before then. Still, whiles it's hard for a poor man to deal uprightly."

For a time, sweltering under the noon-day glare, until her iron decks were almost too hot to touch, or wet with dew in the starlit nights, the Fayal pushed her way at eight knots southwards over the long, heaving levels that wrinkled into incandescent froth or fires of weird sea-radiance under her dipping bows. Then, one morning when Appleton lounged in the stifling engine-room, as he was fond of doing, there was a sudden gurgle in the limbers, and MacAllister, who lifted a floorplate, looked grave as he dipped up a tinful of greasy fluid.

"It's no a butt startit, her skin's all right," he said. "Man, can ye no see this is fresh water? Johnson, away with ye into the tank." Appleton whistled. "That's our water supply gone," he said, "and you cannot keep half those niggers alive with the wornout condenser. I came down this way to Mombasa for an experience, and it looks as if I should get it. Do you mind telling me what you are going to do?"

MacAllister did not answer until his subordinate came back to say it was too late to save the water in the corroded tank, and then he answered, simply, "Drive the old engine her hardest in a race with the pestilence; she's a good mill if ye treat her fairly. I condemned the tank twice over, but they would not listen to me."

Appleton never forgot that voyage, for as the Fayal rolled on faster and faster under pitiless, heat-yellowed heavens, across a flaming circle of sunlit sea that ever moved on with her, until the water was measured out in wine-glasses, there was laid bare before him the real, raw side of human nature. Dysentery and worse sicknesses followed the drinking of greasy fluid from the leaking condenser, and death pursued the ship. Some of the dusky pilgrims who traded in human flesh, and yet had learned at Mecca that it is man's chief business to submit to the decrees of fate, turned their faces eastwards, and so died with the one great testimony upon their blistered lips. Two white deck hands, and they were of Latin blood, called aloud for help to San Telmo, or heaped foul abuse on him, while one British mate, after raiding the spirit store, lay raving in the wheelhouse in which they had locked him. And all the time, silent, grim and resourceful, MacAllister drove his clanging engines their hardest, scarcely eating and rarely sleeping as he watched them racing under a dangerous pressure of steam, while his bronze Somali firemen, who were also fatalists of a kind, toiled uncomplainingly in the murderous heat of the roaring furnaces.

But there is a limit to the endurance even of steel, and one afternoon, when Appleton, dripping with perspiration, leaned over the top platform of the engine-room, the crisis came. There was a rank smell of burning grease in the superheated atmosphere, a vicious grinding of bearings that also told its own tale, and MacAllister was never still, until at last he halted breathless beside Appleton, a weary look in his bloodshot eyes and furrows on his face.

"Will she fetch the lan' the morn's night? That I do not ken," he said. "Ask yon coffee-skinned savage, an' he'll tell ye it's as Allah wills. Meantime, we're doing what we can, but the

engines were never built for the strain. Man, listen till the high-press crosshead telling ye so."

Appleton nodded, and presently MacAllister became intent as the harsh dry grating grew louder, and a whirl of blue vapor ascended from the glimmering steel slides where the great crosshead-shoe goes pounding up and down. Then, with a sudden jarring crackle, a bolt gave way, and MacAllister raced for the ladder, for the huge connecting-rod flung wide of its proper orbit, thrashing like a flail. There was a crash as the cylinder-cover split in two, a mad scramble of half-naked men up the slippery ladder, and the whole place was filled with blinding steam. Appleton, dodging a jet of boiling water that splashed along the plates, moved forward instead of out of it with the instinct of his early training, until the second engineer dragged him by the shoulder towards the doorway.

"Get clear!" he shouted. "It's not a question of courage. You can't do anything, and it's our business," and Appleton caught one brief glance of MacAllister moving through a rush of scalding steam down into the chaos of thrashing machinery. Then he crouched in the doorway, trying to stare through the thick, white obscurity, while the thud of the loose connecting-rod was followed by a crash of shattered metal, until presently, dripping with hot water, the second engineer crawled up out of the horrible pit.

"Scalded! Oh, yes, that doesn't count," he said. "High-press cylinder's gone, and I couldn't get near the throttle wheel to shut off the steam. Going to try and check it another way. Chief sent me back. Says it's no use parboiling two men, and it's his job. There, you can just see him under the platform in the thick of it."

Between two spurts of vapor there was a little clearing, and Appleton gnawed his lip as he saw a man appar-

ently with a serge jacket wrapped about his head, crawling along a grating into the densest steam. Then another wreath of scalding whiteness roared in between as the valves cleared the ports of the broken engine. Down beneath him the ponderous castings which support the cylinders shivered under a heavy shock, there was a crunch of smashed-in iron, but the steam grew still thicker, and he could scarcely see the halo the oil lamps made as they swung to and fro. It scarcely lasted a minute, he afterwards calculated, but every detail impressed itself indelibly upon his memory. There was a shouting among the colored passengers, and sickly men, keeping carefully aloof from the engine-room skylights, which vomited vapor, scrambled aimlessly about the iron deck, while the skipper leaned out from his bridge and cried: "Hold them back from the boats."

Then Appleton became oblivious to all that went on in the upper air under the burning glare of the sun, for there was a groan beneath him in the engine-room, and when the second engineer and a greaser hurried past him with a bundle of dripping sacks he snatched one. The former, dropping on to the platform, fell on his hands and knees, while, following his example, Appleton spread the saturated jute over head and shoulders and wormed himself forward along the gratings into bewildering steam. Exactly what would happen next he did not care or know. The present was sufficiently painful, and he only remembered that a countryman was scalding somewhere in that super-heated vapor. Then the clanging of disordered machinery grew slower, the white haze thinned suddenly, and there was a great booming overhead as the steam from the hard-driven boilers swept pulsating aloft in a great feathery column.

"No; I'm worth many a dead man yet," a hoarse voice said, and enveloped

in a serge jacket which steamed and dripped hot water, MacAllister lifted a reddened hand from the wheel of the throttle-valve, and, staggering, caught at a rail. His face was drawn and set, there were crimson blotches upon it, but, checking a groan of pain, he added: "Ay, I'm scalded and a wee bit shaky, but that will pass. Thank ye, Mr. Appleton, I'm no needin' your flask. Jardine, ye'll help me down to examine the wreck."

Appleton felt thankful when he reached open air again. He was scalded more than a little, while a brief glance showed him that MacAllister had saved the ship, for a few more revolutions would have reduced the engines to a wreck, or driven a pounding mass of steel through her bottom. All day the Fayal rolled with a drowsy swing to the lift of oily sea that streamed down in sunlit cascades from the dripping plates she hove up out of the swell, while the vapor from her reeling funnel traced fantastic zigzags across the brassy sky. All day the dusky passengers lay still in each strip of shadow with the fatalist's apathy, while down in the fierce heat of the engine-room, which was tempered by no passing breath of air, four badly-scalded white men, supported by others of color that varied from ebony to coffee, toiled on with grim endurance, and the strange contempt of pain which comes to the strong in time of emergency. The lurches impeded them, the sweat ran down and dimmed their reddened eyes, while now and then some swinging piece of metal breaking, guy or chain tackle, fell crashing among them.

But, somehow, in constant peril of life and limb, the work was done, the smashed high-pressure engine disconnected, and its slide-valve so wedged that the steam might pass on into the two remaining uninjured cylinders. Then, when it was almost dawn, the cranks commenced to rumble slowly

round again, and MacAllister, yielding under the strain at last, was dragged up the iron ladder to sink into a canvas lounge upon the faintly moonlit deck. A broad disc, its lower half showing red through drifting haze, hung low down over the sea ahead, and a little breeze from the eastwards springing up brought with it a curious spicy flavor, which spoke of the warm breath of the tropical forest. MacAllister smiled as he drank it in, while through the mournful whisper it awoke from the vibrating shrouds, sweeter than any music to the ears of all on board, the throb of engines rose up, as it were, in a deep-toned song of victory.

"You have done grandly, Mack," said the skipper. "I thought it was all up with us and the passengers at first. It's almost a pity we hadn't a deputation of cut-down-expenses shareholders on board the old Fayal this voyage; might have been an object-lesson to them. But you have almost killed yourself over it. Here, Appleton, just look at the poor fellow's arm."

"It might have been waur," was the weary answer. "With good guidance she'll make four or five knots, an' that should bring ye into the river before two days are over. Weel, I'm beginning to feel it; will one o' ye help me into my room?"

It was early the second morning, when passing a surf-swept sandspit, dimly seen through the smoke of spray, the Fayal let go her anchor close into a muddy East African river. Then the swarthy passengers lost their heads with joy, and sick men, laughing foolishly, dragged themselves to the open rails; while others, who had heard the tale from their greasy countrymen of stoke-hole and engine-room, brought strange offerings to MacAllister's door, and were only restrained by main force from swarming inside. The current was yellow, and thick almost as pea soup, but as mentioned in the sailing di-

rections, the first mate found a more limpid creek some distance inland. So through the long, hot day and part of the steamy night the boats moved backwards and forwards, filled on each return journey almost to the gunwales with the longed-for fluid, for the passengers were very willing to assist in the task. Again Appleton wondered, as some of the wild brown and black men, looking towards the Orient, gave thanks before they drank. But MacAllister knew nothing of all this, for he lay in his oven-like room, where huge brown cockroaches wandered over him at will, in a state of limp collapse.

In due time, steaming slowly, the *Fayal* reached port, while before he went ashore at Mombasa, Appleton interviewed her chief engineer, who was now recovering.

"I'm going inland in search of big game," he said. "They told me at Suez that lions were raiding coolies from the new railway construction camps, and the *Fayal* was the first boat likely to land me there; while in spite of a rough experience, I'm not sorry I came. I'm afraid I now live on the unearned increment, but my father, a self-made man, had me learn marine engine-building. Intended me to manage the business some day. I know your owners—there

are better firms, while from what the skipper says, they'll probably dispense with you. Well, I want you, as a favor, when you get back to London, to deliver that letter, and I shouldn't wonder if they made you second on the big new boat they're building. Couldn't make you chief first trip, you know. Should have explained, it's the family money supports the concern. No, I don't want thanks, I'm an interested party, and I know a good man when I see him."

Appleton took himself away somewhat hurriedly, and presently the skipper found MacAllister staring with eyes that were dim with thankfulness at the address on the envelope.

"Have you been left a fortune, Mack?" he said; and the other answered gravely, "No, but there's a home and comfort still for Jeannie. Ye ken that address? Strange, that we should neither have minded us o' the name, an' him kenning the handling o' a marine engine! A nephew o' auld Appleton's o' the — line; a fair-dealing, masterful man. I would not seek a better to serve under."

Appleton's prediction was justified, for he also wrote home, and it was not long before MacAllister, after serving as second, again received an appointment as chief engineer.

Harold Bindloss.

Good Words.

A CONSOLATION.

Whenas my Lady forth would fare,
In chain of gold and Silken Gown,
That Lordling, who her Fan may bear,
Doth seem no better than a Clown!

But when, in careless Russet clad,
My Humble song her mood will sing—
Me—but a simple country Lad—
She changeth to a mighty King.

Paul Mall Magazine.

Edward F. Strange.

MORE HUMORS OF IRISH LIFE.

In a previous article on Irish humor I approached the subject with diffidence and an apology. I do so now in a very different spirit, for the last few months have witnessed a marvellous change, and the threadbare subject has been clothed in a brocade such as it certainly never expected to wear. Some time ago I heard a young lady who knows everything—or thinks she does, which is much the same thing in a world which takes you at your own valuation—describe a shamrock to a friend as a plant “with a green leaf and a white flower”—in fact, a sort of flowering shrub. Since that explanation was given knowledge has been increased, and the despised plant from being forbidden to grow in Irish soil, has been invited over to take up its abode in English, while the “no Irish need apply” spirit, and the still more trying “they’re Irish,” which was held to account fully for any lapse in manners or morals, has passed away, to give place to a flattering admiration as surprising as it is pleasing. Most striking of all, perhaps, is the sudden discovery I have made during the last few weeks that all my friends had Irish grandmothers. There has been, so to speak, a sort of general resurrection of Irish ancestors, principally grandmothers, who, up to now, have occupied the position of the valet in the photograph, “not showing, but to be there if they’re wanted.” In a word, we have woken up to find ourselves that magic thing—the fashion—while what we are told is the sincerest form of flattery has extended itself even to our tongue, and if any one was enterprising enough to start an academy for instruction in the various phases of an Irish brogue, he would, I am convinced, find it crowded with enthusiastic learners. The humor of all

this none, perhaps, but the “native born” can fully appreciate, and his worst enemy cannot deny that so far he has borne himself with dignity in his altered position, and has welcomed to his shores with genuine enthusiasm the First Lady of the Land, allowing no shadow from the “might have been” to mar his appreciation of one of the most gracious acts of a gracious reign. The attempt to convince an Irishman that he is an Englishman has failed signally, as any such attempt was bound to do; but an effort to teach him that he is a son of the Empire has yet to be made, and what his response to that will be the record of the South African campaign can tell. Ireland has always been the subject of theories, and among them that of our origin has ever held a prominent place. We have been assigned at different times, with more, or generally less, reason, to the Moors, the Lost Tribes, and various other progenitors, but never, strange to say, has an Arabian descent been suggested for us, though Arab blood has been traced in our horses, if not in ourselves, and surely nowhere but in Ireland could the Arab proverb, “Hurry is from the devil,” have had its origin. There, if anywhere, is the region the poet had in his thoughts when he sang of the land where it was always yesterday, for there, if anywhere, you realize the utter impossibility of its ever being to-morrow. “Ah! give her time, give her time,” said an Irish porter to an unreasonable traveller who wanted to know why the train was half an hour late. “Shure she’s comin’ now; I hear the crathure screechin’!” as the engine whistled; and that “Give her time” is the keynote of Irish history. Give an Irishman time and he’ll ask for nothing more; his other

necessity—a grievance—he'll find for himself.

A friend of mine was travelling on one of the light railways, along which Mr. Balfour ran himself with such wonderful rapidity into the affection of the Irish people—the only rapid thing, be it remarked, ever connected with them. She had to, what is called, "change" at a certain station, and the change itself merits description. Passenger and luggage having been carefully deposited on the platform, the train retires about ten yards from the station, where it sits down and rests for half an hour, after which it returns to the platform, the passengers and their belongings are replaced, and when every one has done talking the train moves on. My friend, having been duly turned out, inquired of the porter whether there was time to go into the town. "Well, no indeed, your Honor," said he, "there is not, seein' that the thrain goes out at five—but shure, if it ud be any convanience to ye, we'll make it half-past," he added, politely, thinking she looked disappointed. The lady disclaimed any desire to interfere with railway regulations, and went for a short stroll, returning to the platform in time to hear the friendly porter informing an inquiring passenger that "the thrain wint out lvery day at five o'clock, but they'd made it half-past that day to oblige a lady." It is rash, many people think, to travel without a railway guide, but in Ireland it is equally, if not more so, to attempt to travel by one.

"Are ye goin' to git in or are ye not?" I heard a guard say to a group of friends who had descended from their carriage to hold a family party on the platform. "D'ye think we can keep the thrain here tlie whole day, waitin' for the likes of ye?" He *had* kept it quite half the day, as I knew to my cost when we arrived at the junction hopelessly late, but where everything, even trains, are indefinite, you cannot be hard on

obliging officials. "What time does the S— train go out?" inquired a would-be passenger of a porter. "Twenty minutes past two, y'r Honor," said the functionary. A vague feeling that that was not the hour mentioned in Bradshaw made further inquiry seem desirable, this time of a higher official. "Half past two, sorr," was the answer. "But the porter told me twenty past." "Ah, begorra, what does the likes of him know about it? Shure, haven't I been here these eighteen years, an' doesn't the thrain always lave at half-past two? But shure if ye don't belave me ye can ax the masher." The traveller did. "A quarter to three, sir," said the highest authority, and, added my informant, "it went at three." "Anybody here for there?" is a variation of the familiar "Change for—" which requires explanation in the case of unimaginative foreigners; and here I may insert an anecdote for the benefit of intending travellers who are not acquainted with our climate. At a large exhibition of pictures an Irishman was standing, catalogue in hand, before a vivid representation of the Deluge, when an old lady, seeing he had a catalogue, asked him to tell her the subject of the painting. "A summer's day in the West of Ireland, madam," replied the Irishman promptly.

Before quitting the subject of travelling I will pass on to the last journey of all, for humor follows an Irishman even to his grave. With advancing civilization the glories of wakes have become a thing of the past, though they are still living who can remember "his Honor's" funeral, and how they waked him three days dressed in his best for the admiration of an admiring tenantry, who crowded into the "corpse house," and, while the hearse was waiting at the door, seized the coffin and ran away with it helter skelter, down the drive, and past the lodge where the disconsolate widow was sitting on a chair placed

on a table in the window, and combing her hair for consolation, while she waited to see the funeral *cortège* pass. That is now ancient history, but the present day is not devoid of humor. "Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, wagonettes, brakes, hearses, and other pleasure vehicles for sale or hire," runs an advertisement in a local paper, the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, announced that "Mrs. B. of G— sent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross." In these days when we hear so much of the monotony of church services in former times, it is well to remember that in Ireland at any rate they were not without their diversions. In a little church in the west the singing was conducted by the sexton, who marched up and down the aisle beating time with a stick. Temperance societies were not then the fashion, and one Sabbath morning in the middle of the Psalm he suddenly fell flat on his face in the aisle, where he lay weeping copiously and vociferating loudly, "They may say what they like, but sorra a dhrop has passed me lips this blessed mornin'," till he was removed by sympathizing friends. This same church was ministered to for many years by an old clergyman, a convert or pervert, according as one looks at it, from Romanism. Towards the end of his days, being very feeble and finding a difficulty in getting through the long service, where quantity made up for other deficiencies, it became his custom when tired to stand up and say, "Is there any young man or young woman in this church who would like to sing a psalm or a hymn or a bit of a hymn?" Then any young man or young woman who felt moved stood up and performed a solo out of Tate and Brady. After which the old gentleman would resume the service, till he felt the need of further assistance. When, owing to old age, he

was obliged to resign his living, he arrived at the house of his principal parishioner armed with the parish registers and, asking for a private interview, explained that he was sure she would not like the young ladies' ages to be found out by the incoming parson, so he had brought up the registers that they might get rid of tell-tale pages. His thoughtfulness and consideration were highly appreciated by the grateful mother, and the two worthies set to work between them and never stopped till they had cut out and burned the obnoxious record. There was no doubt quite as much if not more real piety in former days as in our own, but that reflection need not make us the less thankful that its outward expression has changed, and "more of reverence in us dwells" as regards sacred things, though even now there is still room for improvement, as the following will show.

A few years ago, in a country parish, the parson, arriving at church on a cold, wet Sunday, walked up the aisle, and, divesting himself of his mackintosh, which he hung on the altar rails to dry, proceeded to take off his coat, and after that a knitted waistcoat. Seeing astonishment and horror depicted on at least one of the countenances around him, he turned round and, addressing the congregation, said, pleasantly, "Don't be frightened, I'm not going to take off anything more"—an assurance which was, let us hope, as comforting as, under the circumstances, it was surprising.

We have been drifting gradually towards a subject where humor is rampant, but where respect for our spiritual guides makes me fear to tread. Yet, fortunately for us, it is their office we are taught to respect, not their sermons, for our duty would indeed be difficult to fulfil if the latter were the case; but, bearing in mind that, as it is not the cowl that makes the monk, so it is not

the sermon that makes the priest, I hope to be acquitted of any irreverence in giving a few samples of pulpit eloquence. It is true, we admit every Sunday, that it would be a great marvel if the clergy were everything they are wanted to be; but, all things considered, it seems a greater marvel still that their sermons should be what they are. If the office were hereditary, if every clergyman came into the world, so to speak, in a choker and black coat, it might be comprehensible; but when we reflect that for at least three and twenty years they have themselves endured and groaned under all that we of the laity suffer, it does seem marvellous that once elevated above the common herd, the bitter past should be immediately forgotten, and they proceed to inflict upon their helpless fellowmen all that they themselves so lately writhed under. From personal observation I am led to think that a parson never, or at least very rarely, listens to a brother cleric. Hidden from the vulgar gaze in the gloom of the chancel, there are many possibilities open to him, and if you do catch a glimpse of his countenance it wears invariably that indescribable expression which Jerome K. Jerome ascribes to fox terriers when they are thinking of their mothers. It may be that clerical etiquette forbids criticism, and to listen without criticising would be too much for human nature, or it may be that they know too well what is coming. I readily admit that we have no right to expect eloquence—that, the most glorious of all gifts, belongs only to the few—but sense we might surely always have. When a discreet and learned minister begins his sermon: "My brethren, as there are countries where the sun never sets, so there are also countries where the sun never rises," and proceeds to discourse on "the rivers of ice which flow down from the North Pole," it is a little difficult to receive in a proper spirit the

godly admonitions which come to us interspersed with such scientific knowledge; or, when he implores us to relinquish certain sins, assuring us they are "equally wrong, but not quite so bad" as others we have been taught to avoid, the result is obvious—the exhortation remains, while the sins are forgotten. I remember a good man, under whose ministry I used to sit in my younger days. His family history (as told by himself) had something pathetic in it: His father had sailed away on board one of the ships of the Queen's Navy that traded between London and the port of Australia, from which destination, to the grief of his family, he never returned, and though they wrote constantly to the Rector of Australia, begging for information regarding him, they received no reply whatever from that discourteous ecclesiastic.

In a remote country village, far from the madding crowd, German speculative theories, with which he was more familiar than geography, would have seemed about the last thing likely to influence his flock; but he was ever haunted by an awful fear of the havoc that might be wrought among them by such pernicious doctrines, if they were not duly warned. "My brethren," he said, on one occasion, "there are some German philosophers that say there is no Resurrection, and, me brethren, it would be better for thim German philosophers if, like Judas Iscariot, they had never been born;" and this recalls to my mind another discourse, where the preacher wound up with the comforting assurance that if we paid due attention to the instruction we had just received from him we would "all return to our several homes like babes refreshed with new-made wine."

It was on another occasion that the same speaker, having ascended the pulpit gave out his text with all due solemnity as follows: "My text is taken from the thirty-sixth chapter of Genesis, and

the second verse—"And Esau took his wives of the daughters of Canaan"—or rather, I should say, the twenty-seventh chapter and the thirty-eighth verse—"Bless me, even me also, O my father!"—and then, as one of his hearers aptly remarked, he proceeded to preach a sermon which had nothing to say to either of them.

Absent-mindedness and a weakness for metaphor are no doubt responsible for much. To the former I credit a discourse in which the reverend preacher alluded to "Goliath fighting on behalf of the Israelites, while King Solomon sat by moodily in his tent," and to the latter a striking simile, which deeply impressed the feminine portion of the congregation, who were told that "the grave was the great wardrobe of the world, where we are folded up and put by, to be taken outnew at the Resurrection." But both of these are eclipsed by an eloquent speaker, who, in the course of an extempore address, had wandered into mediæval history: "And that haythen Soliman," he said, "whin he was lying dead upon the ground, sat up, and said to his friends, 'Behold you now see the end of Soliman.'"

I do not deny that there may occasionally be a want of comprehension on the part of the audience. "What was the sermon about to-day, Mary?" inquired a mistress of her domestic. "Please, m'm," said Mary, twisting the corner of her apron, "I've forgotten the

The Cornhill Magazine.

text, but it was about young men." "Oh, really!" said the lady; "and what else was it about?" "Please, m'm, it was about young women, too." "But can you tell me anything Mr. B. said?" "I couldn't repeat it exactly, m'm, for it was a mixed-up kind of sermon; but it was very interesting," added the maiden.

But any attempt to fathom the mind of a congregation is usually fraught with danger. A priest who had delivered what seemed to him a striking sermon was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock. "Was the sermon to-day to y'r liking, Pat?" he inquired of one of them. "Throth, y'r Riverence, it was a grand sermon intirely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his Reverence felt moved to investigate further. "Was there any one part more than another that seemed to take hold of ye?" he inquired. "Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, begorra I'll tell ye. What tuk hoult of me most was y'r Riverence's parseverance—the way ye wint over the same thing agin and agin and agin. Sich parseverance I niver did see in anny man, before nor since."

One sample more and I have finished, for I cannot do better than bring my article to an end with the concluding words of a sermon on Grace—"And, me brithren, if ye have in y'r hearts *wan* spark of heavenly grace, wather it, wather it continually."

GUTENBERG AND THE YELLOW EDITOR.

The indirect responsibility for much false emotion may be laid at the door of Johann Gutenberg, who when he gave the printing-press to Europe could not realize the fatal importance of his design. For him printing was the art of duplicating beautiful books; for too

many of our contemporaries it is an instrument which disseminates false news and which keeps alive ancient hypocrisies. Even in Shakespeare's time the printing-press was an exclusive, aristocratic contrivance, and it is significant that Shakespeare condemns it

by the mouth of Jack Cade. "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of this realm," says Cade to the buckram lord, "in erecting a grammar school, and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." It is curious to note how completely the point of view has changed in our own time. The Jack Cades of to-day clamor for schools, and regard the printing-press as a "palladium." But while Gutenberg and the Editor of the Yellow Journal are as the poles asunder, both have employed the same means to a different end, and we can imagine nothing more grotesque in the benign fields of Hades than an encounter between the printer, whose jubilee has lately been celebrated in Germany, and an American editor. Might it not be conceived something after this fashion?

Scene.—A meadow in Hades. Gray shadows flit in and out the distant trees. Apart from the rest sits Johann Gutenberg, bearded and austere, meditating perchance on his famous Bible of the thirty-seven lines, or upon the infamous extortion of the cunning Fust. To him there slides up a Yellow Editor, who, leaping from his silent, intangible automobile, flourishes a phantom cigar, and thus addresses the sage:—

Well, Mr. Gutenberg, I'm glad to know you! You and I ought to be acquainted. Where should I have been without your movable little types? Why, nowhere at all. And though it's a sorry business to meet you here, where they print no special editions, and have no limelight displays, we must do the best we can, and—

Gutenberg (breaking in upon him). But I know not whom I have the honor to hear.

Yellow Editor. What, don't you know me—the best-advertised man in two

continents? I am—or rather I was when I walked the Upper Air—the Boy Editor of New York. Does that say nothing to you?

Gut. No; I am still in the dark.

Y. E. Well, well, I guess you've no telephone hitched on to Hades, or you'd know me fast enough. I must see to that, now I've come among you. Why, I'm the first man who ever saw the real possibilities of your tip. If it hadn't been for me the printing-press would have slumbered on another five hundred years without shaking the world. You never realized what could be done with the biggest circulation.

Gut. Circulation? What is it? I don't understand the word.

Y. E. (with an outburst of laughter). You don't begin to know your own trade! Circulation is the soul of the printing-press. We editors don't print "copy" to keep it in the cellar. We cover the earth with our newspapers. Why, when I was in the business I printed more stuff in one night than you and Fust did in both your lives. Three millions of readers a-day, my boy, ready to believe any lie you print—that makes a man feel big.

Gut. But when I was making my Bible, whose memory is an eternal consolation, I was proud if I printed a dozen sheets a-week.

Y. E. A dozen sheets a-week of a Bible! No wonder you came near starvation. The truth is, you missed your chance. How you might have made Maintz hum if you had started a paper, and kept the secret! No competition, for you alone had the press! And if you wanted money, you should have got a syndicate to run you, and then you might have done as much as I did. Where's the use of a noble patron, I should like to know? The people's the only true patron, and—

Gut. You say you have accomplished much. Have you, too, left works of art behind you which rival in nobility

of design and splendor of type the masterpieces which have made me glorious?

Y. E. Splendor of type! What are you talking about? I only want a press that'll rattle me out half-a-million copies in a couple of hours. That's good enough for me. And the ink may be as pallid as these shades and the paper may crinkle up like wood-chips. I guess it will last a day, and to-morrow it will be forgotten in new scandals and fresh headlines.

Gut. But surely we have not pursued the same craft. I was only interested in the perfection of my work. When the beautiful page was finished, my task was done. Who purchased my Bibles I recked not, nor did I ever dream of this base artifice which you call circulation. But at least, when I died at Eltville, I had the satisfaction of an assured immortality. And you? Are you still known among your fellows of the upper earth?

Y. E. Not I! One nail drives out another. But which is the better, fame while you live or fame after death? Give it me piping hot when I can enjoy it. The people on Broadway used to point the finger at me, and I might have governed my country if I liked. And look at the power I had! I ran the whole show as I would; and with no other aid than the types of your invention I made war, or insisted on peace. Not only could I force men to do what I chose, I could force 'em to believe what I chose. Any fool can make the truth credible; it takes a man of genius and a big circulation to thrust false-

hood down the public throat. Then, again, there was no great man I didn't call by his Christian name, and I was on easy terms with all the crowned heads. Whom did you know but a common baron? And I was ready to take on anybody's job for a sensation. The criminals feared my reporters far more than they feared the ministers of justice. But then, you see, I was a practical man, and you—you were a dreamer. Yet how much better is the basest practice than the noblest dream!

Gut. Indeed, if my invention be thus perverted, it were better it had never been made. The printing-press in my hands was an instrument of luxury, not a means of irresponsible power. Yet even my contemporaries called it a black art. What would they say of it now, if they heard your boastful rhetoric? No; it is not for you to claim a kinship with Gutenberg. Truth and lies, beauty and squalor, do not acquire the same value because they are both printed.

Y. E. Well, well, don't get huffy about it. I don't wonder you are a bit jealous, but I'll come and tell you more about it another day. You'd like to hear how I interviewed the prize-fighters, I'm sure, and perhaps I'll find you in a better temper. So long! (And the Yellow Editor is whisked out of sight by his automobile.)

Other times, other morals. Yet there are still some who would rather have printed a single sheet of Gutenberg's masterpiece than have covered the biggest continent of the world with the vulgar falsehoods of the Yellow Press.

LAND, HO!

I know 'tis but a loom of land,
Yet is it land, and so I will rejoice,
I know I cannot hear His voice
Upon the shore, nor see Him stand;
Yet is it land, ho! land.

The land! the land! the lovely land!
"Far off" dost say? *Far off*—ah, blessed home!
Farewell! farewell! thou salt sea-foam!
Ah, keel upon the silver sand—
Land, ho! land.

You cannot see the land, my land,
You cannot see, and yet the land is there—
My land, my land, through murky air—
I did not say 'twas close at hand—
But—land, ho! land.

Dost hear the bells of my sweet land,
Dost hear the kine, dost hear the merry birds?
No voice, 'tis true, no spoken words,
No tongue that thou may'st understand—
Yet is it land, ho! land.

It's clad in purple mist, my land,
In regal robe it is apparellèd,
A crown is set upon its head,
And on its breast a golden band—
Land, ho! land.

Dost wonder that I long for land?
My land is not a land as others are—
Upon its crest there beams a star,
And lilies grow upon the strand—
Land, ho! land.

Give me the helm! there is the land!
Ha! lusty mariners, she takes the breeze!
And what my spirit sees it sees—
Leap, bark, as leaps the thunderbrand—
Land, ho! land.

T. E. Brown.

TENNYSON AS A THINKER.

The two last great poets of England were no less distinguished as thinkers than as artists. Browning was a more subtle psychologist than Tennyson; indeed, Shakespeare apart, Browning penetrated deeper into the human mind than any other poet England has produced. But while Tennyson was not the equal of Browning in psychology, he was a genuine and profound thinker, his mind ever dwelling on the deep problems of "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," and his poetry from first to last was dominated by philosophic speculation. This attitude of Tennyson is made very clear by a little volume on "The Mind of Tennyson," by Professor E. H. Sneath of Yale University (Archibald, Constable & Co., 5s.), which admirably sums up for us Tennyson's philosophic ideas and the creed he had ultimately arrived at. Since Mr. Stopford Brooke's comprehensive survey of Tennyson, nothing so excellent has been written on the poet's ideas. It will be at once granted that Tennyson has been the most consummate poetic artist since Keats, but we doubt whether most English readers quite realize that Tennyson has given us in his exquisite finished verse a "criticism of life," to use Arnold's expression, the outcome of thought on the deepest themes. Of course, every one knows that Tennyson deliberately chose such themes and that his poetry is charged all through with moral power, showing him to be in the true line of succession to the greatest English poets. But they cannot trace, perhaps, the emergence and growth of his thought on the three great problems of God, Freedom and Immortality, as revealed in the body of his work. It is here that the aid of Professor Sneath's little volume will prove of no small value, especially as it

is the work of one who is himself a philosophic thinker and teacher.

What especially renders Tennyson so interesting as a thinker is that he embodies, as no other writer does, the mind of his age. Shakespeare is not for an age, but for all time. Milton was in advance of his age, as was Wordsworth. But some English poets have been the very incarnation of the *Zeitgeist*. Pope was in respect to that body of thought contained in the "Essay on Man;" so was Cowper in the new Evangelicalism combined with the new human sympathies which permeate "The Task" and many of the minor poems. But never was there a more complete epitome of his time than Tennyson. The strenuous revolutionary poetry of Byron and Shelley had somewhat died down, the epoch of social earthquake had yielded to an epoch of rest marked by the poetry of Keats. Then came the awakening, especially in France and England, of 1830, which we associate with an eager spirit of hope in social life, and an enthusiastic Romanticism which reached its climax in Victor Hugo. Of this movement both Tennyson and Browning were born; their young manhood coincided with its zenith. The fear and horror of the French Revolution had passed away, and a golden dawn appeared to promise a new day in which were enfolded boundless possibilities. But, on the other hand, a spirit of criticism, of positive science, was disturbing the mind of England. The Church was in the throes of conflict, strange new critical theories were casting doubts on its message, on the validity of the Bible, on the very fundamental ideas of Christianity. Long before Darwin imparted his shock to the Christian edifice, St. Hilaire put forth the idea of evolution

on its scientific side, as the great thinkers of Germany had developed its philosophical side. The world was in a ferment. Elements of hope seemed to be confronted by dark spectres of doubt, all the root questions of life surged up in the teeming brains of young and ardent men, not least in that little band at Cambridge of whom Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson were the foremost figures. All the conflicting thoughts, opinions, hopes, fears, doubts, centred themselves in the mind of the budding poet; and it is this fact which renders Tennyson of such exceptional interest. His mind discloses to us, and will represent to posterity, "the very form and body of the time."

So far as the great problems of religion—God, Freedom, Immortality—could be disentangled by the poet, and could present themselves with persistent appeal to his soul, this new birth was brought about by the death of Arthur Hallam. Tennyson, it is clear, was a doubter from his boyhood; he had to face from earliest days "the spectres of the mind." But Hallam's death forced the problem to an issue; for the strong, many-sided, swift-glancing mind of Tennyson there was no rest. Does death end all? Can we know God? Is the world good? Is there aught but matter? The singing-robcs of the poet symbolize more than symmetry of verse and mastery over subtle forms of metre; they also mean for us a poetic treatment of the highest ideals and a reasoned out view of the content of religious belief. Professor Sneath finds in Tennyson a poetic statement of Kantian ideas. Kant furnished to mankind a kind of final analysis of the philosophical movement up to his time. In his "Critique of the Pure Reason" he is agnostic; the mind cannot know the real world. But in treating of the "Practical Reason" Kant restores to us that which he had taken away. In a word, he finds God, Freedom and Immortality

given us in terms of consciousness; we cannot prove them, but they are essential factors in our inmost being. This seems to have been the creed towards which Tennyson grew and which he made his, but it was enriched for him by a certain mystic contemplation through which he appeared at times to rise to that state of Oriental "enlightenment" when the body is forgotten and the soul dwells in the paradise of purity and light. Tennyson held with Kant that we can only "know" phenomena, but that we must reach the transcendental objects of religion by faith. To this conclusion tend the specially religious poems, such as "In Memoriam," "The Two Voices" and "The Ancient Sage." This is Professor Sneath's view, and it seems to us to represent with truth the general tendency of Tennyson's religious thought.

It is easy, however, to misunderstand this attitude, and therefore to class Tennyson in that category of unthinking religionists whose belief lies outside the intellectual circuits. "Believe," says Browning in a famous poem, "and the whole argument breaks up." Yes, but the argument does not break up because thought is suppressed, but because it is lifted into the higher region of imaginative reason. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is the shimmer of the distant jasper towers of the City of God. Since, as Tennyson says,

The type of perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find,

faith in that perfect is for the man of faith an intellectual necessity. He must posit it, he must see it in the vision of his soul, or the world falls in ruins around him. Faith is not the indolent attitude of a mind which has exhausted itself. It is the state of the mind in its highest potency, in its swiftest flight, in its divinest power. It is, so to speak,

the mind raised to its spiritual nth, the mind infinitely energized. This was the faith of Tennyson. This faith which in "The Ancient Sage" he commends to the materialistic youth "with a scroll," he fortifies by urging to a life of goodness. "He that doeth the will," said Christ, "shall know of the doctrine." It is not by probing into the secrets of Nature—"I found him not in world or sun"—nor by endless analysis of the mind—"The petty cobwebs we have spun"—that man rises to any knowledge of God. "Thou canst not prove the Nameless"—but thou canst do His will and find an ever clearer response in thy soul to "the Power in darkness whom we guess." But if God is, immortality is, else were this world made in vain. Supreme reason would not perfect through countless ages conscious beings only in the end to destroy them. This attitude of mind is called by Professor Sneath "rational consideration." But it is the same attitude of faith in a reasoned order from which the imagination cannot escape and does not wish to escape.

Such was Tennyson's creed, which we do not criticize, but which seems to us significant, as being, after all is said

The Spectator.

and done, the outcome of the most representative mind of the epoch, after that mind had tried upon its fine edge all the theories and speculations of the time. The poet rests in his intimations of divine things:—

Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

We think we may say he rested in that faith, though we admit that there is not the unclouded peace of Wordsworth, or, indeed, of Browning. Tennyson's temperament, sceptical from the first, counts for much, while Wordsworth, to whom the world revealed nothing but blessing, lived before the questioning age of Darwin. If Tennyson had not that perfect spiritual repose which his great predecessor in the Laureateship knew, at least his poetry testifies to a noble inner warfare waged without pause, to a brave facing of "the spectres of the mind," to an ever-growing spiritual strength, and to the inspiring creed that it is the function of poetry to testify to the Unseen, and so guide and inform the generations of men.

IN HARDY'S WESSEX.—WAREHAM.

It is a characteristic instance of Thomas Hardy's perception of the essential element in places that, in the Wessex novels, Wareham figures under the name of Anglebury. Start from the railway station towards the strange horizon line made by the tops of houses and trees inside that great green barrier ahead, and Wareham will strike you as a town planted in a giant circle, or scattered about upon a rounded pla-

teau. But when the road has gone over the river, and past the North Mill you burst into the borough through the cleft in the "walls" known as the North Gate, an "Anglebury" indeed presents itself. The four streets of Wareham are almost a perfect cross, and the lesser streets, or lanes, rarely deviate from a most convenient habit of running off at right angles from the leading thoroughfares. Delightful streets

and lanes they are, too; what virtuous, but unoriginal, compilers of guide-books say of Blandford is much more applicable to Wareham. Wide and clean, with pavements that suggest seventeenth-century strollers and buildings that recall eighteenth-century architects, they are swept by an air so keen that, even in August, it is pleasant to wear a light overcoat when sauntering along the shady sides. For Wareham stands high above some of the most windy reaches of flat land to be found in England. To the north stretch the half-heathy, half-marshy solitudes which are part of the "Egdon Heath" of "The Return of the Native;" while to the south wave after wave of the Isle of Purbeck's seas of heather and turf recedes to the cliffs above Swanage. The climate of the town is very much that of Ely or Peterborough, and it often occurs to a visitor to compare certain aspects of the environs of Wareham with memories of the fenlands of Cambridge and Lincolnshire. At sunset it may happen to an observer to enjoy just such breadths of exquisite reds and greens in the westward skies as alleviate the lot of dwellers upon the outskirts of that most dismal of university towns, Cambridge.

The characteristic of Wareham, however, which forces itself upon a stranger, is not a matter of comparisons, but one of unique personality. For the "walls" of Wareham are something which for extent and perfection cannot be found in any other part of England. Conceive a town ringed round by a great enchanter with a continuous mound of extraordinary height and size, and just peering over the protecting earthworks through its top windows, and you can form some idea of the spectacle of Wareham without having seen it. But not until Wareham has become a place of at least temporary residence does the wonder of the thing break upon one not Wareham-bred. I shall

never forget a night on which I conceived the happy thought of walking all round the "walls" by starlight after every one else in the tiny town seemed to have gone to bed. The scenes of that night hang in the chamber of memory by the side of a picture representing the Azores Islands sighted in a dawn which held all the colors of countless rainbows, and opposite to an outline of the northern cliffs of Montserrat as I first saw their miles of perfect form lie, so to speak, under the hand which one felt inclined to lay upon them. Wareham town was full of clear, cool air; but, as the turn from East street on to the ramparts was taken, a mist of enchantment appeared to breathe from the great elms, and there was a whisper in the air of something wondrous that was near—some sight that would shortly burst upon astonished eyes. Walking along the tops of the eastern ramparts, the mist gathered more and more thickly. But at the angle when the northeast corner was reached, there seemed to be almost clear air around, and the atmosphere was stabbed with tiny noises of insects and birds, which brought home to the senses the wondrous stillness of the sleeping town. Looking ahead, however, the mist and the promised spectacle were seen together—were one and the same thing. The world, to its uttermost confines, appeared to lie below one, and all of it save Wareham was mist. In the middle of a universe of pure white vapor, Wareham raised a black mass of silence—a shadowy fortress of stillness. From the broad, flat summits of the "walls" the sight plunged into gulfs of space filled with a snow that surely never lay upon any world of reality. In such moments the veil between the soul and That Which is rends apart, and man sees what he cannot say—knows what he will never reveal.

To wake up next morning to the usual

daytime vistas of Wareham came almost as a shock, and it seemed odd to meet only "two persons and a dog" (which make up a Wareham crowd) in North Street. I forget whether it was on that day that I first looked over the church of Lady St. Mary. Probably it was, as only an exceptional impulse can lead a parson's son to go over churches "for pleasure," as the bargee of a Cambridge story contemptuously labelled the practice of University rowing. But Lady St. Mary's is a church to be treated with special tenderness. So ancient are its walls, so hallowed by history its associations, that restorer after restorer has violated it in vain. I believe that Edward the Martyr was enshrined where a little chapel now forms the vestry, and if he was not he ought to have been. For I never crossed Wareham bridge southward without seeming to see the monks escorting that marble coffin which may yet be seen near the font of Lady St. Mary's. The church has memories of other notables by the dozen. Figures of the d'Estokes are to be found in the chancel; the "chapel of Thomas à Becket" enshrines, among other curiosities, an inscribed stone

The Speaker.

which may date from the time, 878, when the Danes had to leave Wareham hurriedly at the mandate of Alfred the Great. In those comparatively recent times (according to Wareham reckoning) there used to be a great deal of jealousy between Wareham and Poole, relics of which still linger among local athletic clubs and cottages. What is a thousand years or so in the history of Dorset? Not more than fifty summers in that of some colonies. The church of St. Martin, at Wareham, is supposed to have been begun, if not finished, by Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, who died in 709. Events that occurred before that date even Wareham folk admit to be somewhat remote. They will not commit themselves to statements about the Druidical uses of the Agglestone, the "perched block" of stone which dominates a knoll near Studland. But I was shocked to find that many of them read the Daily Mail, and intended to vote for the Conservative candidate under the impression that the weakest Government on record was peculiarly fitted to add China and Russia to the empire of which Dorset and India form such large portions!

Herbert H. Sturmer.

CONVERSATIONAL ARGUMENT.

Any one, not a politician, who was sitting at dinner by a Prime Minister, would show very little knowledge of Prime Ministers and of the world, if he or she should insist on talking to him about politics. Nor is it only Prime Ministers who resent the conversational supposition that they are only interested in, and only willing to talk about, some particular subject or pursuit with which their names are notoriously identified. There is a story told of a well-

known gentleman farmer, eminent as a breeder of horses, who constantly met in the hunting field a celebrated Hebrew baron. "Good morning—good morning," the baron would invariably say to him, "have you anything remarkable in the way of horses to sell?" The gentleman farmer, for a time, bore this greeting with equanimity, but his patience at last deserted him; and he said to the baron, "Now, why do you always ask me that? What would you think

if, whenever I saw you, I asked you if you had anything remarkable in the way of old clothes to sell?" This dislike which is so often shown by men to talking about what is supposed to be their own particular subject, is, in different cases, due to different causes. The dislike of a Prime Minister to talking politics with a chance acquaintance is partly due, no doubt, to a cause which is quite peculiar. His lips are sealed by the exceptional responsibility of his position. But apart from his exceptional position the strain of political life is such that, whenever he has leisure to mix in ordinary society, his desire is to escape from the questions with which his mind has been forced to occupy itself, not to be confronted with them again in confused and fragmentary forms. And this is the secret of the dislike of a great number of men to discussing in ordinary society the pursuits in which they are mainly occupied. Some men, again, entertain the same dislike because they look on their special pursuits with a feeling of false shame, feeling them to be in some way inferior to their social position. Others entertain this dislike for a precisely opposite reason. They fear that their social position may be thought to depend solely on their pursuits, and are anxious to show that it rests on a wider basis; whilst amongst men of all classes the feeling is not uncommon that to talk much about their own pursuits in society is a sign that outside their pursuits they have little knowledge and experience, and that, although they may be men of eminence, they are not men of the world.

This shrinking of men from discussing the very subjects with regard to which their opinions are most valuable is to a certain extent justified by its results on general conversation. A dinner party would be probably a not very exhilarating entertainment, at which a Chancellor of the Exchequer lectured

the guests on taxation, a philosopher discussed the nature of our ideas of space and time, and an owner of race-horses responded to the wisdom and merits of Sloan, Jones and Archer. On the other hand, it may be urged with great justice that on many occasions conversation must necessarily suffer, if those who take part in it avoid by common consent every subject with regard to which they are specially well informed, and if each makes a point of saying nothing about anything, unless he knows no more about it than any other member of the company. Many friends, for example, of the late Mr. Robert Browning deplored the fact that in society he would never discuss poetry, and that, instead of throwing light on the mystery of the meaning of *Sordello*, he would be eloquent on the adventures of the train of some lady at the last drawing-room. On the other hand, it is we fear, not to be denied that Macaulay, who would talk about nothing but his own particular subjects, was, though those subjects were perfectly amazing in their variety, not infrequently a conversational bore—so much so that Lady Holland would, on behalf of her guests, say, "Macaulay, stop—we've had quite enough of that."

Our estimate of the respective merits of the two kinds of conversation—that in which people avoid and that in which they expatiate on, their own special subjects—will possibly be said, by a great many people, to turn on a question which is very simple in its character. What do we consider the true object of conversation to be? Do we regard it merely as a form of distraction and amusement? Do we regard it as a vehicle of information about other individuals? Or do we regard it as a vehicle of information about things and subjects? If we are frivolous enough to regard it in either of the two former lights we shall naturally resent being victimized by lecturing or argumenta-

tive specialists; but if we look on it in the latter—if we think that the highest aim of conversation is the enlargement of our knowledge, or the clearing of our intellectual ideas—then we shall feel what a valuable opportunity has been wasted, whenever men who have a right to speak authoritatively about serious subjects avoid the discussion of these, and confine themselves to an interchange of trivialities. Many people will regard this as a clear statement of the whole point at issue. For our own part, however, we venture entirely to disagree with this view. Even granting that ideally the highest aim of conversation is to elicit the highest wisdom of the wisest men who take part in it, we desire to point out that it is extremely doubtful how far conversation can actually subserve this end. It may do so sometimes; but in a large majority of cases conversational argument with regard to serious subjects, even amongst people who have given to them much thought and study, is calculated to confuse rather than to clarify the ideas, both of themselves and of those who listen to them. The advocates of serious conversation will, we fear, receive this opinion with horror. But let them only have patience enough to understand our reasons for holding it; and they will see that we are, in Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, "on the side of the angels," after all. We question the value in conversation of argument about serious subjects, not because the subjects do harm to the conversation, but because conversation is prejudicial to the clearness of our ideas about the subjects.

Any one who has had much experience of public political meetings must have noticed how little of the effect, which interruptions and hostile questions have on the impressions produced by the principal speaker, depends upon what is really the value of his main argument or of the answers which, on the

spur of the moment, he gives to those who object to it. A question which is wholly irrelevant, an objection which in reality is no objection at all, is often sufficient to break the thread of a speech which has all the forces of fact and reason at the back of it, and elicits a reply from the speaker so halting and feeble as to produce the idea that no satisfactory reply can be made. On the other hand, a speaker, whose argument is wholly fallacious, will often by presence of mind and an exercise of verbal adroitness, seem to dispose of an objection which is in reality fatal. Precisely the same thing happens in argumentative conversation. The quality which plays in it the most important part is presence of mind, not correctness of reasoning. The disputant who is most likely to convince those who are listening to him is not the one who has the strongest arguments in his possession; but the one who can put his hand on such arguments as he possesses, most quickly. In other words, an issue which is essentially general and impersonal is lost in, or is at all events obscured by, an accidental conflict of personalities. The result is that serious conversational argument, instead of enlightening those who have listened to it, often leaves them at the end more confused than they were before; or perhaps converts them from a confused belief in some truth to a definite belief in some opposite falsehood. But it is not only the listeners who suffer in this way. The principal sufferers are often the disputants themselves. The moment they begin to enforce on each other their divergent views, one or other, or perhaps each of them, feels that, instead of expressing what he means, he is constantly—he cannot tell why—saying something or other that he does not mean. He finds himself, not by the force of his opponent's logic, but simply and solely by the accidents and surprises of con-

versation, pushed from the logical rocks on which he really bases his position, and endeavoring to maintain it by means of some chance support, which he catches at in his haste, without attempting to test it, or which, in his calmer moments, he has tested and rejected already. Or again, by accident, he hears himself admitting something which, the moment he examines his convictions, he is aware that he strenuously denies. This admission is at once seized on by his adversary; and he must either submit to having it used against him, or else he pleads that on second thoughts he retracts it. If he does not retract it, the probability is that his whole case will seem to fall to the ground. If he does retract it, the probability is that he will exhibit himself as a person who does not know his own mind, and has no right to an opinion about the matter at issue at all. Indeed, it is not impossible that by the time the argument is ended he may be reduced to thinking the same thing of himself; and yet all the while in reality he may be a complete master of his subject; and his opponent may not have had a logical leg to stand upon.

The explanation of this frequent uselessness of conversational argument is simple. Let any one who has thought profoundly on a difficult question endeavor to set forth his conclusions in a book which shall convince the doubtful, and he will find that the main, the characteristic difficulty of his task, consists in fixing the reasonings by which

he has reached his conclusions, in keeping them arranged in that precise and easily disturbed order, which can alone render them perfectly clear even to himself, and in so presenting them to his readers that they shall be forced to see their connection. It is therefore no wonder that what a man cannot do in writing, without months, or perhaps years, of labor, without daily slips both of thought and language, and daily careful correction, he cannot do at a moment's notice in conversation, when disturbing elements make mistakes in expression unavoidable, and when correcting a mistake is, in the opinion of those who listen to him, more damaging to his case than the actual mistake itself. Some subjects no doubt are much fitter for conversational argument than others. Questions of fact and experience are fitter for it than questions of elusive theory. And yet in conversational argument men are often betrayed into mis-stating facts, and especially figures, which they have themselves accurately collected, collated, verified and recorded, but which they cannot carry about with them, as though their memory were a kind of blue-book. We are very far from saying that conversational argument is not, in certain respects, a valuable species of conversation; but it generally throws far more light on the nature of those who have taken part in it than it does on the debated question which has ostensibly formed the subject of it.

The Saturday Review.

VIA MEDIA.

I know not yet, admits the wise;
I know, the braggart fool replies.
Midway the modern highway lies,—
I do not know, but criticise.

The Spectator.

L. E. G. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Maccoll, who has been chief editor of *The Athenæum* for over thirty-one years, is to retire from that position at the beginning of the year, but will continue to contribute to the paper.

It is announced that a collection of more than five hundred letters written by Bismarck to his wife, from their betrothal in 1847 down to 1892, will be published about Christmas. It may be assumed that the man of "blood and iron" will appear in this correspondence in a somewhat gentler aspect than in most of the hitherto published memorials of him.

By a kind of literary mortmain, the late Georg Ebers still claims Egypt as his own for the uses of romance; and it is no surprise to find that country the scene of his posthumous story, "*In the Desert*," which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish in a translation by Mary J. Safford. But it is modern Egypt and Syria which furnish the background for this story of the wanderings of the singularly dull and uninteresting young woman whose ill-considered passion for a Bedouin forms the main feature of the plot. The gap between this book and "*Uarda*" is a wide one.

It must have been a special sense of the fitness of things which led the Century Company to invite Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich to write the "Introduction" to the selections from the "Poems of Robert Herrick" in the new series of Century Classics. No one could have written with a more just appreciation of Herrick's excellences and limitations; the Introduction is a model of its kind, and serves to accentuate the re-

gret that Mr. Aldrich writes so rarely nowadays. As for the form in which the series is produced, it would be difficult to speak in terms of too high praise. The binding is in perfect taste, the type large and clear, the paper heavy and—let us be thankful—unglazed. The combination of these attractions with a low price is a boon to book lovers.

"*A Romance of Pagan Hawaii*"—the sub-title of Alexander Stevenson Twombly's novel, "*Kelea the Surf-rider*"—at once describes the story and indicates its timeliness. Residence in the islands has given Mr. Twombly a personal acquaintance with their scenery, people and traditions, and he writes with an abundance of detail which adds to the value of the book. The story itself—a story of love, hate and ambition—is not lacking in incident. If it is deficient in human interest, it may be only because the savage life depicted is so remote from our own as to seem unreal. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The story of Orpheus seeking his lost Eurydice in Hades, drawing her to his side by the sweet notes of his lyre, listening irresolute to her appeals for the use of his high gifts for the help of miserable and mourning souls, struggling futilely to win her back to the old life in Thrace, and awaking as from a confused dream only to succumb to the wiles of the Bacchantes—this is the theme of Mrs. Annie Fields's "*Orpheus, A Masque*." It is full of the classic spirit, but has a grace all its own, and the subtle lesson which it conveys is old yet ever new. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The present fad for things occult and Oriental makes a fresh volume of Eastern folk-lore especially timely. Moslem pride is extremely reticent on the subject of its traditions and legends, and it is no easy matter to get together a collection of "mystic tales" such as H. T. Coates & Co publish under the title "The Weird Orient." Rabbi Henry Ilowiz, the well-known Hebrew scholar, is the compiler and translator, and his introductory sketch describing the opportunities of which he availed himself during a residence of some years in Morocco, is one of the most interesting features of the book. A casino for the foreigners in Tetuan, with a monthly competition open to all comers, and a prize for the best story told, was part of his plan. Nine of the prize stories, from Parsee, Jewish and Moslem sources, are given in this volume.

The steady demand for stories of colonial days has led Little, Brown & Co. to bring out a new edition of Maud Wilder Goodwin's study of pioneer life in Virginia in 1622. First published five years ago, "The Head of a Hundred" will be remembered as of simpler and more artistic construction than many stories of its class. Mrs. Goodwin's character delineation, too, is of unusual excellence. Betty Romney is not the picturesque puppet who dances along the pages of the average "historical novel," but a genuine woman, full of pride, courage and resource, and quite worthy the patience with which the hero woos her. Her medallion portrait by Jessie Willcox Smith adds to the attractiveness of the cover, and there are five full-page illustrations within.

The title of Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull's volume, "The Golden Book of Venice," leaves one uncertain whether it is to be classed as fiction, travel, history or art, and it has, indeed, something of the charm of each. A story of Venice in

her golden age, several of the leading figures are historical—Paul Veronese, Fra Paola Sarpi and Pope Paul the Fifth. The plot reaches its climax with the great contest between Venice and the Papacy over the question of prerogative, and a difference of sympathy between her hero, a young noble of the Council, and his beautiful wife, gives Mrs. Turnbull the opportunity for some very striking scenes. The characters are individuals, not types; the narrative is of great interest; the descriptive passages are fascinating, and the whole book has that elusive, enchanting quality which we call "atmosphere." To say that it is worthy of its theme is not too high praise. The Century Company publish it in covers of Venetian red, with a design in mosaic.

"Sentimental Tommy" was a story that implied a sequel, and the novel-reading public has never doubted that Mr. Barrie would write it, nor that its theme would be "Tommy and Grizel." But his warmest admirers could scarcely have been prepared for a book of such power. Humor and pathos of rare quality were to be looked for. The development of Grizel's character along lines of fine courage and self-sacrifice is not unexpected. It is in the evolution of Tommy, for whom he seemed to have a weakness in the earlier volume, that Mr. Barrie has surpassed himself. So searching, sympathetic and just an analysis of the "artistic temperament" has seldom been made. That the author of "A Window in Thrums" and "Margaret Ogilvy" should be the man to make it is indeed surprising, and argues for Mr. Barrie a most unusual combination of gifts. "Tommy and Grizel" is, in effect, a problem-novel of remarkable strength—the problem being the relation of genius to ordinary ethical standards. The season is not likely to offer many books of equal earnestness or significance. Charles Scribner's Sons.

